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THE EMIGRANT.

BY T. U. M.

She clasped her hands on my arms,
  She laid her cheek on my shoulder;
The tide of her tears fell warm
  On hands that trembled to hold her.
I whispered a pitying word,
  As the ship moved slowly apart,
And the grief of the friendless poured
  Its choking weight on my heart.

For graves in the evening shade
  Were green on a far off hill,
Where the joys of her life were laid
  With love that had known no chill;
But however her heart might yearn,
  We were facing the freshening breeze,
And the white wake lengthened astern
  On the rolling floor of the seas.

She quenched the fire of her tears,
  Uplifting her meek, brave head,
"Or dark or bright be the years,
  I will take courage," she said;
Smoothing back her loose blowing hair,
  And her shawl drawing closer the while,
So she drank in the strong sea air,
  And left the old shore with a smile.

HUNTED DOWN;

—OR,—

The Purpose of a Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED.]

SHE knew now that all was over; she gave up all for lost; gave up her life as doomed. She knew she was utterly in his power. If she called out or sprang into the river, a pistol-bullet would end all. She knew no mercy or fear for himself would check him, for it was a toss up. If he let her escape, he was letting free the evidence against him. He could not be worse off by her murder. He was utterly desperate and would act desperately. But, with that conviction, there came over her a feeling of fierce triumph and a reckless determination to answer him in the words which rose uppermost. At the same time a narrow chance of escape offered itself. If she could, with taunting words rouse him to mad passion and throw him off his guard, she might try at least to match her strength or agility against his; fling him, as he stood by the brink, into the river, and thus gain a moment in which to fly.

A drowning person clings to a straw, and Leonora de Caldara, in her awful peril, with a desperate man to contend against, clung to this straw.

"You my master!" she said with that taunting sneer which no one can so well assume as a woman. "You—I am yours. Even now you fear me, as you have from that day you failed in frightening me!"

"Listen," said Vivian, speaking hard and fiercely; "you have stolen a box from the cloisters. Denial is useless. Silence, and listen. I see all your game now—mad not to have seen it before. You came to the Grange in treachery, false, base treachery, with lies on your lips and in your heart; the very name you call yourself not your own, I believe; creeping like a snake to our hearth, to betray it, ever base and false, a whited sepulchre—innocence without, but iniquity within."

"No; but with a serpent's cunning," returned Leonora, with a mocking smile. "Now hear me, Arthur Vivian. I know you better than you think. I did come to the Grange with a false name, with a false story on my lips, with my very accent feigned, creeping, if you will, like a snake to your hearth; but for an end which justified the means. The time you saw me was not the first I saw you—I saw you nine years ago. Murderer, I know you!" said the Spaniard, confronting him with a face far more fearless than his own; and as the last word passed her lips, she took one step forward, and, with desperate resolution and force, struck him on the chest with her closed hand.

So strong was the blow that Vivian staggered; but in that moment he drew a long stiletto, and grasped her hand as she sprang forward to fly. There was a flash—a gleam of descending steel—and the Spaniard lay at his feet motionless—weltering in her blood!

For one moment Vivian stood gazing on the lifeless form, and in his lurid eyes there was mingled with it that fiendish triumph, that strange look of agonised remorse that marked the Portrait. Then the instinct of self preservation came over him, and he sprang into the river, and struck out for the other side.

The wind amidst the tall trees whispered sadly, and the weeping willows dipped their leaves in the rippling waters of the river as it flowed calmly onwards, and the watchful eyes of the night saw the deed that was done, and the evening star seemed to fall with a more mournful light on the face of the child as if a tear had dimmed its brilliancy.

* * * * *

At thirty five minutes past eight the down train stopped at Forest Moor station. Only three passengers got out—a tall, dark man, with an immense bloodhound, a man-servant, and an almost gentlemanly-looking man, dressed in black. In the two first we recognize Egerton and Leon; in the second Dick Forde; and in the third we introduce Mr. Robert Harding, detective officer, who now bore in his pocket a warrant for the arrest of Arthur Vivian, on a charge of murder.

Forde led the way by the bridge; but when Leon came to the spot where Leonora had stood, he suddenly ran wildly round, and then, with a loud baying, dashed forwards, with his nose to the ground. At the little foot-track which led to the river bank he paused; but the moment the rest came up he crept under the rail, ran down, and vanished under the arch of the bridge. In a moment Egerton was over the rail, and on the strand. There, almost at his feet lay the lifeless form of Leonora, the blood trickling from a wound in her breast, in which the stiletto still quivered.

A cry of horror burst from Forde and the detective, but no word passed Angelo's lips the blow had gone too deep for words, anguish had gone too straight to the heart and numbed it with agony. He raised the motionless form in his arms, but only the keen eye of the detective saw the livid, compressed lips, and the speaking anguish in the dark eyes.

At that moment Margaret appeared breathless, to see her worst fears realised, and with a wild cry she sprang forward.

"Oh, Leonora! oh, Leonora! this is Vivian's work."

"Silence! She is dead," said Angelo, sternly; "and if you are Margaret Arundel follow me."

It was all he said. He stanched the flowing blood with his handkerchief, and wrapping her mantle about her, rapidly retraced his steps over the bridge.

"Sir, take her to Warren the greengrocer, by the station," said Forde, eagerly.

"Show the way," said Egerton.

Forde obeyed, and a few moments brought them to Warren's neat shop.

"Fetch a surgeon, Forde," said Harding, passing before Angelo, and opening the shop door.

Inside was Mrs. Warren; but at the entrance of the stranger she started forward, exclaiming, "Who is this? What has happened?"

"A lady who is dying, if not dead," said the detective, shortly. "Your house was the nearest."

"Bring her in here, sir. Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Warren, as the light flashed on the face lying on Angelo's breast, "it's the young foreign lady from the Grange, and Miss Arundel, too! Bring her in here, sir," she said, opening a door from the parlor which led into a small bedroom, and here Egerton laid down his precious burden.

"Will the surgeon never come?" he said.

"He is here, sir," said a quiet voice, and a grave gentlemanly man entered. "Let me see the lady."

Angelo drew back, and the doctor laid his hand on Inez's chest.

"I can relieve you of immediate fear, sir," he said. "Her heart beats, though feebly."

"Thank Heaven!" murmured Egerton, covering his face a moment in almost uncontrollable emotion; and then, without a word, he left the room, resigning her to the surgeon and the women.

In the parlor without were the groom, Sam Warren, and the detective; and the latter immediately said, "Sir Angelo, here is the weapon with which the young lady was stabbed. You see it's a weapon rarely found in the hands of an Englishman. It is an Italian stiletto, with the mark of a maker at Pistoia on it, you see."

Egerton started. His mother had been first stabbed with a stiletto—so the physician had judged from the wound—and then had been shot.

"I lingered to examine the bank, too," continued the detective. "There was a pool of blood where the young lady had fallen, and footprints going to the water. The murderer has swam the river, and escaped for the present; but I shall track him and find him."

"Spare no expense in the pursuit," said Egerton. "Cost what it may, that man shall be taken."

Harding bowed, and soon after the surgeon and Mrs. Warren entered.

"I will not confuse you with scientific terms, sir," said the doctor, addressing Egerton, "but simply tell you that the very fineness of the weapon has saved your charge; for it has passed between the vital parts without injuring them, and she was insensible from loss of blood, which has been great. The wound is dressed, and in a few weeks will have healed. She is much weakened, and must not be moved until I permit it; but she has recovered consciousness and asked for you."

The first word indeed that Leonora had faintly uttered had been the name of Angelo; and then Margaret whispered that he had found her, and should come, and stole out after the other two.

The next moment Angelo, the worshipped being for whom she had nearly lost her life, stood by the bedside, and had clasped her with passionate bitter remorse to his breast.

"Oh, Leonora, my own little one," said Egerton, "how could I have been so mad as to place you in that man's power?"

She nestled clingingly to him, as she had done when a little child, and whispered in faint, low accents, "Hush! oh hush, Angelo. I can bear anything but to see you sorrow for me. And now I am with you again."

"Never more to leave me," said Angelo; "never more to leave me, my darling, my own Leonora."

"I have won," she said; "but oh, Angelo it has been such a long dark dream, such a fearful time. I was so weary and worn out I'm not so now."

As he gently laid her back, and tenderly kissed her, there was an expression of perfect peace and rest on the soft beautiful young face that it had not known for a long long time. She spoke again, but so low that he bent over her to catch her words.

"Angelo," she said, "we must take care of Margaret now. She can never return to the Grange."

"Trust all to me, dearest," he replied. "At present she will stay and nurse you. Try and sleep, little one."

He re-entered the outer room, and the detective, after whispering something to Egerton, went away, and the doctor, leaving some directions for the patient's treatment, followed, promising to come in early next day.

Angelo then drew Margaret aside, and after talking some time with her in a low tone, she sat down, wrote a letter to Stanfeld, and gave it him to read.

"It will do," he said. "Now, Forde, take this over to Forest Moor, and await an answer, part of which must be to turn you away directly, but you know my promise."

Forde touched his hat and went out, and Egerton made his arrangements with Sam Warren and his wife for the accommodation of Margaret and Leonora, he himself taking up his quarters at the inn until his "darter," as the good dame called Leonora, was well enough to be removed to town.

When Forde returned, it was with a fierce message from Stanfeld, "that he was glad to get rid of Margaret Arundel for ever. Jesuita de Castro and her guardian might take her to South America if they chose."

All that Margaret (by Egerton's wish) had written, was that Vivian had for some reason tried to murder Jesuita de Castro; that her guardian had accidentally rescued her; that he had fled, and that she, Margaret, did not intend to return again to the Grange.

* * * * *

While Leonora de Caldara lay in the humble home of Sam Warren, where was her assassin!—for in intention he was so, and believed himself so. He was sitting in the very same old country house, where long before Leonora and Colonel St. John had taken shelter, and on the other side of the fireplace sat Roland Aubrey. He was speaking, but there was a dark shade on his face, and a curious flicker in his eyes.

"You have got yourself into a regular scrape now, Vivian," said Aubrey; "How came you to be such a fool?"

"She had got a secret of mine," said Arthur, without moving. "It was a gloomy lonely place, and she taunted me as she only could taunt. Curses on her dark face! She maddened me—she struck me, and I stabbed her."

"And left your knife sticking in her," said Aubrey.

"A malediction on it!" exclaimed Vivian. "It was not an ordinary knife, but an Italian stiletto."

"Whew!" said Aubrey; "such a marked thing. What and who was she?"

"She was an olive skinned Spaniard," replied Vivian, "false as proud. She called herself Jesuita de Castro."—"What was she like?" asked Aubrey.

"She was tall and slight," said Vivian, "with horrid queer black eyes that looked through you."

"Ha!" interrupted Roland, starting. "Weird-looking eyes, and a quiet, grave brow—isn't that she?"

"Where did you see her?" exclaimed Vivian. "Who is she?"

"I think I know," said Aubrey. "She is the ward of Egerton, the member of Cambridge University. Of course you know who he is. And her real name is Leonora de Caldara."

Vivian started violently at the name of Egerton, but he only said:

"How do you know that?"

In reply Roland told him of Leonora and St. John having taken shelter there, concluding with "Your description of her eyes, coupled with her being Spanish, struck me. She was very beautiful. Oh, Arthur, Arthur! how could you stab a mere girl even in the heat of passion? I knew that you were bad, that you have been and are dissipated; that you live almost by gambling—that you have fierce passions; but I never thought that even you would let the devil in you make your hand red with blood."

"You speak plainly," said Vivian, with a fierce gesture and an oath. "Are you going to shelter me or betray me?"

"When you fled here this morning, and threw yourself on the honor of me, your old companion and ally, I promised to shelter you," said Aubrey. "I abide by that; but you must fly to-night; for you cannot tell but that to-morrow morning the gentlemen in blue may be on your track, and your description out at every seaport and police station."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Vivian. "No one will know who did it."

"You forget the stiletto," said Aubrey; "that will cry aloud. No, you must take a couple of hours' rest, and then we'll set off for the coast."

Rest, talk of rest to him, he who could not keep quiet even now. No; he glanced restlessly and uneasily about; he started if a

door shut, or a rat or mouse ran behind the wainscoating. If he turned toward the wall, there he saw Leonora's watchful eyes looking at him out of the gloom, as they had used to do in life; he saw her dark face on the shadow of the curtains, and heard her light footstep in every falling leaf or creak of the old furniture; turn where he would, he saw her weird face. If he closed his eyes he saw the murdered form lying on the strand crimson with blood, the calm, dead face upturned as it had looked when he had left it lying there!

Moving or still, sleeping or waking, to his guilty eyes and ears there was murder in everything. The mournful moaning of the wind whispered murder; the rustling leaves of the tall trees had it in their sighing, the very fall of the summer rain outside had a voice that muttered it.

He could not bear it, he could not sleep or rest a moment, and he sprang from the couch on which he had thrown himself dressed.

He had told Aubrey a false tale; he had said that he accidentally met Leonora by the river; that she had told him that she knew a secret of his and would use it; that she had taunted and goaded him to madness, and that, in the wild heat of passion, hardly knowing what he did, he had struck her with the weapon, which an evil fate had chanced to make him have on him. That was his story.

That night he fled, and in safety reached a foreign shore; and, for a time, his pursuers were baffled.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was late in the autumn when Egerton took Leonora from Forest Moor to town for a few days, during which he could make such arrangements with his child as would enable him to take her for a month to the seaside.

Margaret Arundel came with them as their guest; and now behold the three in the drawing room, Leon lying, as of old, on the rug before the fire.

It yet wanted some time to the hour of retiring, and Egerton was reading over a short bill which he was to bring into Parliament next year. Margaret was working at some embroidery, and Leonora sat on a low seat near Angelo, with Bulwer's "Last of the Barons" on her lap, but her dark eyes fixed dreamily on the page saw no word, or at least the mental vision took in nothing of what the physical eye read. Margaret had been right; the young face did look more worn and wan; there were lines of care, and pain, and suffering drawn across the brow lightly, but still there, where they should not have been, and the pale soft olive of the thin cheeks was perfectly colorless. She looked like a person who had suffered much, mentally and physically, and in truth all she had gone through had shaken even her more than she knew, and bitterly did Egerton reproach himself that he had let her go, when he remembered the danger, and how nearly he had lost his darling; but how could he refuse her when she had clung to him, and with passionate eloquence appealed to his love for Julian? All these thoughts were passing through his mind now instead of the schedules of the bill, and suddenly throwing it aside, he said:

"We seem as far off as ever from the end. Vivian has escaped."

"But isn't that detective clever?" asked Margaret.

"Yes," said Egerton; "but so is Vivian clever, and he may permanently escape."

"No," said Leonora, with a vehemence unusual in her; "it may be months, it may be years before he is taken; but it will come at last, as surely as there is justice in Heaven."

"I must, I will believe it, child," said Egerton, softly smoothing her hair. "Justice must be done."

"Leonora," said Margaret, "what do you think made Arthur go to the vault that evening of all others?"

"Because, probably, he was in the habit of going at intervals to see if the casket was safe," replied Leonora; "or more likely some fine instinct or presentiment of coming danger made him go there, and the instant he found it gone he would at once connect its loss with me."

"Yes," said Margaret, "but what made him take the short cut? In fact, what made him think you had gone, and gone that way?"

"The first day I rode with him I asked about that path," replied Leonora.

"Why, Miss Arundel," said Egerton, "you appear to expect Leonora to know every idea and motive of this man."

"So she did, sir, know every turn and thought of his mind. She watched him and studied him systematically. She has a turn that way, I think."

A slight shudder passed over Leonora's frame, and perhaps, to turn the conversation, she said:

"The Rochesters are out of town, of course, Angelo?"

"All of them," he replied. "I had a letter this morning from Marion. They are gone to Scarborough with the St. Johns, Lady Alice and Arabella included. We will have them all at Falcontower this Christmas, Leonora—all," and she knew he meant Julian.

After a pause Egerton suddenly rose, and leaning against the mantel piece, said:

"Miss Arundel, as I shall be engaged tomorrow, I must speak what I have to speak to-night, and pardon me if I speak plainly. What are your plans for your future life?"

"The same as they ever were, sir, and as they were even at school—to leave Stanfeld and go out as a governess. I still intend to do so."

Angelo and the Castilian exchanged a quiet smile.

"I am twenty years your senior," said Egerton, "almost old enough to be your father. You have done an incalculable service to me through Leonora, and in consequence have been thrown otherwise utterly friendless on my care, at seventeen, too young to struggle with a hard world; and in right of these three things I claim some right to control you and your actions. Before I say any more I will ask you a simple question. Who do you think would take a girl of sixteen or seventeen as governess? This child of mine would stand an almost better chance. Moreover you are far to pretty for any lady who has grown up sons and daughters to take, you are too sensible, I know, to misconstrue or take offence at my words. Finally, as far as ever I have any power to influence you and any right to control you, I put my positive and unqualified veto upon your plan. Instead I offer you two courses. You can, if you please, return to Stanfeld's, or to your old governess Mrs. Ashton, and I will make you independent in either case; save you from any mortification or privation, by a yearly allowance, sufficient for your personal wants."

"Sir," said Margaret, "will you tell me the other course?"

"I will. You have decided as I knew you would," said Egerton, with a blessed smile. "The other course is to remain with us as Leonora's companion. Do not be afraid I am making the situation for you, and so fret yourself. I had before intended to engage one for her. She needs a companion of your age, and who so fitting a one as the friend who has won her love and gratitude? You will earn your right to be here—you have earned it already by what you have done for us; and tell her, Leonora," he added, smiling, "that two hundred a year is not more than she will want, living as we do. Margaret, I await your answer."

Margaret burst into tears and hid her face on Leonora's breast.

"Oh, Leonora," she said, "it is too kind; I don't want anything better than to stay always with you."

"It is done," said Egerton; "she has chosen her course. Good night, Margaret, you have chosen as I knew you would—independence."

He held her hand for a moment in his own, then tenderly kissed Leonora's brow, and the two girls left the room together.

CHAPTER XIX.

AND where all these months had been the fair golden-haired Isbel Rochester?—sunning herself through the gay summer with the bright enjoyment of a heart that had as yet known but little of the reality of life. Now they were at Scarborough with the St Johns for the autumn.

It was one morning, so early before breakfast that as yet the beach was almost deserted, when Tom Courtenay and his young cousin sauntered slowly along the sands.

"I wish," said Isbel, "that Leonora de Caldara was with us. I have not seen her since we left school."

"She hasn't been at home; I rather think she has been staying with some friends," said Tom. "Do you know where you are going to spend Christmas?"

"Who, mamma and I?" she asked. "I don't know; perhaps at Cousin William Courtenay's."

"I think not," said Tom; "for when I saw Egerton in town some time ago, he said something about having us all at Falcontower."

"Did he? oh, how capital!" exclaimed Isbel. "I hope he will ask us to that beautiful old place; only I hope"—and she lowered her voice—"that the Reverend Cuthbert will not be there."

Tom fairly burst out laughing at this very confidential whisper.

"Why not, child?" said he; "what is your intense dislike to our Puseyite article? I'm sure we have many a laugh over him."

"Yes. Really, Tom, we are too bad; we tease him dreadfully."

"Isbel," said Tom, "now don't laugh, but answer me with becoming gravity. Is your heart whole or given away?"

"It isn't given away to you, Tom," she replied, "so don't be afraid. I shouldn't get yours in return."

"Don't be too sure of that, Madame Isbel," said Tom, with a gravity that deceived even her.

"Oh, Tom, don't," she said, with a startled look that made her mischievous cousin perfectly delighted.

"How do you know that I haven't brought you out this morning to tell you——"

She looked up and caught the twinkle in his laughing black eyes.

"You bad, silly, teasing fellow!" she exclaimed; "if you were so foolish as to do that I would cut you entirely. But why do you ask such an impertinent question?"

"Why?" said Tom. "I'll tell you something, ma'amselle. I have a strong suspicion that your charms keep the Reverend Cuthbert here."

Isbel blushed deeply, and a passionate exclamation burst from her lips, followed instantly by a merry laugh.

"Tom, you are joking," said she.

"I swear by the gods of Olympus that I am not," he replied.

"Oh, Tom, pray say you are joking or mistaken."

"My dear Isbel," said Tom, "why little cousin mine, you are quite white, what a fool I was to say anything. Don't take it to heart, perhaps I am mistaken; but any way you can refuse him, for I'm very sure he wants to ring this little hand."

"Well, any way, Tom, the possibility of such a thing makes me merciless," said Isbel. "I'll lead him such a life as will make him afraid to have such a wife. Oh, we will tease him—long-coated, smooth-tongued ——," she said, with a vehemence that made Tom laugh. "I can't bear him"

"Preciously impudent of him to aspire to you," said Tom. "By the Lord Harry! You're a sight too good for him."

"Tom, don't you bring your slang to me," said Isbel; "I don't half understand it."

"Ladies don't generally," said Tom: "but look, there comes Marion alone. I dare swear she has some news."

"I've been searching for you, daughter mine," said Marion, coming up with a letter in her hand. "The post has just come in, and here is a letter from Angelo Egerton. He and Leonora are at the sea-side with Miss Arundel, who was at Ashton School."

"What, Margaret Arundel?" exclaimed Isbel.

"Yes," replied Marion. "She has left her uncle, and was going out as a governess, but Angelo took her as a companion to Leonora. But that is not what I wanted to tell you. He asks us all to Falcontower for Christmas—us and the St. Johns, and how many more I don't know; but he writes that his ward—that young Surrey—is coming over in November."

She did not tell them that he had written that which was new life to the heart which ached and yearned for her son, and yet to any stranger his words contained little enough:

"The result, dear Marion, of Leonora's visit to Forest Moor makes it more safe for Julian to venture here. He is therefore coming in November, and will remain quietly at Falcontower till we go down at Christmas."

"How nice it will be!" said Isbel; "but, mamma dear, is our Puseyite friend asked too?"

"You naughty girl!" replied Marion, "I know what that means. Yes, he is going. Angelo couldn't ask his brother and mother very well without asking him."

Isbel and Tom exchanged such a look that Marion instantly said:

"You two are hatching some mischief between you. Now, just come into breakfast, and let Mr. St. John alone."

"I hope there will be a good lot of people," said Isbel. "I wonder how Leonora will play hostess; she is only fifteen."

"In actual years," muttered Marion, with a heavy sigh; "older by far in bitter experience. I wonder what she is doing at this moment."

At that moment, though Marion knew it not, the Castilian was standing on the beach on the south coast, leaning on the arm of stately Angelo Egerton, the blue sea rippling softly to their feet, and the sunlight falling radiantly on them; not a soul was in sight, and not more still and silent was the early morning air than were they for a long time. They were alike in features, expression, and character, and in thought and feeling as nearly similar as it is possible for a young girl and a grown man to be. And now she, who when alone had stood so firm and steady in a position of danger and trouble, leaned clingingly on the strong man, instinctively, with woman's devotion, resting on and trusting implicitly in the strength and protection of one whom she felt to be her superior physically and mentally, and whom her deep love idolised and deified into a being almost to be worshipped.

"Where are your thoughts, Angelo?" she said softly—"far away over the wide seas?"

His glance came back to her, and rested tenderly on the young face.

"No, Leonora, nearer home. My thoughts were of you. Ah! little one, if ever I should lose you, life would be very dark—very, very dark!"

She clasped her right hand on the one which rested on his arm, and that simple action spoke volumes.

"I wish Julian were with us now," she said, after a long silence.

"He will land at Dover in November," replied Egerton; "and you and I will go and take him in safety to Falcontower."

"But, Angelo," she said, "will not Tom know him again?"

"No," replied Egerton; "he has been dead to him nine years. Remember also how changed Julian is from the youth Tom knew; and even if any faint resemblance crosses him, it will never strike him that Rothesay the painter and Julian d'Arcy are the same. But come, now, we had better return, for Margaret will be up by this time and waiting for us."

They moved slowly away, loathe even to leave the sea.

CHAPTER XX.

EVELINE VIVIAN for many days knew nothing but what her father chose to tell her, and that was wide of the truth.

He told her that Jesuita and Margaret had run away, and that Arthur had gone on sudden business to London. She did not believe him, but she dared not say so; and then she heard rumors of the murder of Miss de Castro, and her discovery by a gentleman who called himself her guardian, but whose name was unknown in the village, and both she and Stanfeld not unnaturally imagined him to be the same gentleman who had brought Jesuita to the station.

But somehow or other Eveline's mind instantly connected the attempted murder with her husband. She struggled against it, but in vain; and she grew nervous and fearful. Why didn't Arthur write? If he was in danger, she would go to him, though he had so rudely crushed her love. "Where was he?" she asked her father, but he knew no more than she did now.

"Where, then, was Margaret?—she could write to her."

He answered her angrily:

"He didn't know or care where she was, and she could know nothing of it."

And so, in restless anxiety and miserable uncertainty, a month passed by. She could gather nothing in the village, or even at Mrs. Warren's; she could only tell her that the young foreign lady and Miss Arundel had been ten days at her house, and then the gentleman had taken them both away. She didn't know his name, but he was a tall dark gentleman, with very black hair and moustache, and very like the young lady. She knew nothing of who had stabbed her, the young lady would not say, but she (Mrs. Warren) thought that a detective was searching for him. No one in the village had even a suspicion as to who the murderer might be.

It was one night about six weeks after the attempted murder that poor Eveline sat by her chamber window. Her lamp was on the table, but she did not undress; she had seated herself there, listening half-unconsciously to the autumn night wind, which rustled the leaves of the vine which climbed up the trellis outside, with her thoughts and heart far away, poor thing, with the man who so little deserved her!

Twelve o'clock had just struck, when a small stone was thrown up against the glass. Strangely the idea instantly crossed her that it was her husband, and, gently opening the window, she leant out.

"Arthur—husband!" she said, softly.

"Hush! open the window, Evie, wide; I am coming up."

She saw a figure below climb easily up the trellis, and the next moment Arthur Vivian stood in the room. He walked to the door and locked it, then put to the shutters, while she stood watching him with parted lips and clasped hands, and something of almost terror in her aspect.

"What are you looking so frightened at?" demanded Vivian, roughly.

"Oh, Arthur!" said his wife, "why do you come here this way, stealing in as if you feared the day?"

"I do fear the day—I am hunted like a felon!" said Arthur, fiercely. "I come here to you because your evidence against me isn't legal, and because you are fool enough to care for me still."

"Oh! Arthur, Arthur! how can you?" she cried, with bitter grief. "Are you not content with breaking my heart, and must you crush it under your heel?"

There was such an anguish in her tone as for a moment touched even him, and his face softened with something of remorse, as he said:

"Can you love me still—even now?"

"I do—I do!" she cried. "Oh! Arthur, let me lay my head on your breast, and feel once more that I am the wife you used to love!"

"Eveline!" he said, keeping her back with his hand, "would you rest your head on the breast of a murderer—touch the hand that is red with blood? My hand is red with the blood of Jesuita de Castro."

"It is not!" she said vehemently. "It is stainless! Jesuita de Castro lives still."

Arthur lifted his hands suddenly upward, and cried:

"Oh, God!—if there is a God—am I to be thankful or not?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A San Francisco barber, formerly a prize fighter, seeing a customer take off his coat and push up his shirt sleeves, instinctively regarded these movements as preparatory to a scrimmage, and gave him a whipping before an understanding could be effected.

ECHOES.

BY F. H. D.

The murm'ring brook hums o'er its pebbly bed,
The birds sing in the trees,
The red-crowned clover coyly bends its head,
Coquetting with the breeze.
O'er-decked with daisies children ford the stream,
With laughter loudly gay,
And sweet as music heard in some dear dream—
But oh so far away.

The mild-faced moon shines through the leafy boughs
And silvers o'er the shade.
The whisp'ring winds as though with lover's vows,
The roses serenade.
Oh! youth and childhood's spring and summer times,
Like flowers fading fast,
Too soon there come, from Love's enchanted climes,
But echoes of the past.

Rees' Memory.

BY A. B.

THE fine farm of Manorgwyn, belonging to the Rees, was situated about five miles from our town of Trefavon. And Mr. Matthew Rees himself was a fine portly man of some forty or fifty years of age and a bachelor.

The only defect he had—if Farmer Rees could be said to have a defect—was what the neighbors termed the "loss of his head." He was indeed such an absent minded man that he would sometimes seriously reflect whether he could have been present when he came into the world. Still this absence of mind rarely interfered with his daily or weekly duties. He transacted his business as methodically as if he had been a machine wound up; but if anything new or unforeseen occured. If he were expected to remember a date or a name, or to act out of usual routine, the machine got out of order at once.

He possessed, however, two memories—one within doors one without. These were his housekeeper Mally, and his carter Jehoram, familiarly called Jeho But they also failed him in the course of time.

"Mally, you never reminded me!" was the farmer's reproof one day when he had invited a friend to dinner and he was himself engaged elsewhere.

"Deed to goodness, master, I'm forgetting myself," was the answer. "Time you should be looking for a wife. There's Miss Kezia, Francis Tygwyn daughter, now.

"Francis Tygwyn? Well, now, let me think. His daughter? I forget. Has he an unmarried daughter, Mally?"

"Lor, master, you know that he has, and she is single, they are saying, for your sake. Why, you used to make love to her when you were a boy."

"Did I? I never remember making love in my life, Mally. I shouldn't know how! Did you ever make love?"

"On my deed, master, you are funny. I've been courted many a time, but I was never of the forward sort, as Jeho will say for me, if you'll be asking him. We've been going together long enough now."

Rees opened his eyes, and they were not destitute of the sparkle of amusement. In spite of his oblivious temperament, he took in a joke at the moment, even if he forgot it the next.

Mally was justified in her assertion concerning Miss Francis. This lady had quietly allowed forty-five years of her life to slip by without taking to herself a helpmate, and, strange as it may seem, for the sake of Rees, Manorgwyn. When she was seventeen and he two and twenty, there had passed between them words that he had forgotten but she had stored up in her memory. He had never make her an offer, never even told her that he loved her; but, for all that, Kezia at forty-five was as sincerely attached to Mr. Rees as she had been at seventeen.

Nothing further was said about Rees and Miss Francis but in a short time Mally and Jeho were married. They retired to a tidy cottage on the Manorgwyn estate, and the farmer found that while he had two memories out of doors he had none within. Both he and his household suffered from the loss.

"What were you saying to me about somebody's daughter, some young woman, Mally?" he inquired, a month or so after that worthy spinster became a matron.

"I was telling you of Francis, Tygwyn's elder daughter, Kezia, master. Make you haste, or she'll be too old for anybody."

"To be sure. I remember. Francis, Tygwyn's Kezia. Thank you for reminding me, Mally. I'll tie a knot in my handkerchief—I shan't forget."

He went about his business, repeating "Francis, Tygwyn's Kezia," until the words rang in his head like the three bells of Llanfach church.

The following Saturday he met Tygwyn, in the market.

"Ah Jones—Francis, I mean—you were the man I was thinking of. They are telling me you've got a fine mare—no; a young heifer. 'Pon my soul, I can't remember. Which is it? Francis, Tygwyn's Kezia. Name o' goodness which is it, man?"

"I have a daughter Kezia, Rees," replied Francis, half amused, half offended.

"Daughter! Of course, that's what I meant; and a very good daughter, they tell me. How is she?"

"You had better come and see. It's years since you've been to Tygwyn. Suppose you ride back with me"

"Surely I was there last week about that mare we were talking of: but I don't care if I do take a turn there again."

The two farmers trotted briskly along the turnpike, and walked their well fed horses quickly up the hill, reaching their destination in an hour.

When Rees shook hands with Kezia, he little thought what a flutter she was in. But he remembered Mally's advice and the necessities of his household, and tried to gather up his wits for the emergency of his case. When he looked at Kezia in an absent sort of way, he found himself wondering what sort of thing a wife was, and whether she would be more or less troublesome than a housekeeper. By degrees he took to admiring her round, fair face, and comely figure, and all of a sudden a vision of his youth flitted before his cloudy mind. He suddenly burst out laughing.

"Do you remember spelling 'opportunity' behind the door with me? What fun it was!" he said, his sides shaking at the pleasant recollection.

Francis Tygwyn's sides shook also till the old fellow began to cough; but Kezia colored as vividly as she had probably done on the memorable occasion alluded to.

"I'll be back directly—I must take my cough mixture," said Francis, hastily leaving the room.

Rees' memory vanished with him, and when he and Kezia was left alone he had nothing more to say. He had a comfortable glass of spirits and water, delicately flavored with lemon, before him, and he began to stir it

It was now Kezia's turn to have nothing to say, for she was a shy woman, and in love, if Rees was not. She began to make up the fire, and while nervously heaping on blocks of wood, a spark flew out and caught her white muslin apron. An inspiriting little flame was the consequence, which she was about to extinguish, to the danger of her hands, when Rees jumped up and took her in his arms. He had no intention, anterior or ulterior, but that of putting out the fire, whereas he kindled a new one, being himself suddenly all aflame.

"I came on purpose to marry you. Will you have me?" he said, boldly, when Kezia had managed to release herself.

"Thank you, Mr. Rees. Yes, if you please," she replied, gratefully, for had not the comfortable farmer been her life-long dream?

There is certainly no accounting for dreams, or, indeed, for proposals. Rees, Manorgwyn, could never account for his, and would probably have slept it off with his spirits and water had not Kezia had a father. Happily for her, he was not an absent man, and, returning just as the words we have quoted were spoken, he ratified them with his blessing.

The news soon spread far and wide that the "young couple" were engaged and more jokes were made over those two commonplace words than filled Joe Miller's jest book.

"That's my doing. Now I must keep master up to it," said Mally; and so she did.

He was quite forgetting to visit his sweetheart, but at last he got in the habit of riding once a week to Tygwyn and would probably have continued it to his dying day, but for Kezia's father. He was for naming the wedding day as soon as politeness permitted, and as Rees would not, and Kezia could not do this, he took it on himself.

So through him the day was appointed.

On the eventful morning Mally was early at the farm, but her master was abroad before her. He had forgotten it was his wedding-day. However they managed it so that he was still in good time to meet the bride and her party at the church.

Rees, standing near the altar, looked about him inquiringly.

"What are we here for, my dear?" he whispered to Jemima, the bridesmaid.

"Why, you are going to be married, Mr. Rees"

"To be sure. Come along, my dear," he said, holding out his hand to Jemima, who pushed Kezia towards him.

The clergyman was a friend of Rees, and acquainted with his peculiarities. He therefore held him to his point during the marriage service, and when he appeared oblivious, recalled him by a whispered, "Repeat after me."

So the ceremony was then performed at last, and Kezia experienced the truth of the proverb, "All comes to those who can wait." Matrimony came to her after twenty-five years' expectancy, and she was content. So, in a manner, was Rees, who had never expected it at all.

They galloped back to Tygwyn side by side, with their friends following, where they feasted and ested, and entertained all the country, until they set out again and galloped to Manorgwyn.

Kezia slipped into her place so naturally that at the end of a week he was heard to declare that he believed he had been married all his life, and at the end of a fortnight he was sure of it.

"I never forget anything now," he asserted, pointing to his new Memory.

He was, nevertheless, occasionally oblivious when absent from her; a fact she realized thirteen days after the wedding. She accompanied him to Trefavon Fair, already alluded to, and it was agreed between them, as they bowled along in his dog-cart, that when he had finished his business, and she her shopping and calls, he would pick her up at Mr. Jones, the doctor's.

Trefavon Fair was unusually brisk that day, and Rees unusually busy. However, evening came, and he started home. On the way something seemed strange to him, and he kept repeating at intervals:

"I'm sure I've forgotten something. What can it be?"

He had dismounted, and was in the passage, when Jeho exclaimed:

"Where's missus?"

"That's it! I knew I had forgotten something," cried the abashed husband. "Put the little mare in and drive to Dr. Jones's and fetch her. If I go, may be I shall forget again. I ought never to have married."

"What will she say?" he thought, "Will she scold for an hour and send me out of my mind, or will she sulk and be silent? That's what they say the women do; and I daresay the men deserve it. I'm sure I do. I wonder when I lost my memory, and where I dropped it."

When Rees arrived at this portion of his mental castigation he grew so confused that he would probably have forgotten Kezia again, had not the sound of wheels aroused him. He felt too much ashamed of himself to go out to meet her, but stared into the fire as if ignorant of her arrival A peal of hearty laughter made him start and turn round. It was Kezia, looking so good-tempered and buxom that he laughed too, and rose instinctively.

"You will never hear the last of it. The doctor said you had forgotten me!" she exclaimed.

"I suppose I had; but I'll try never to forget you again. Let's spell opportunity."

They spelt it so loudly that the wainscoat echoed, and from that time forth it is recorded that, thanks to his wife, he gradually picked up his memory.

"If we had married young I should never have lost it," said he.

"Better late than never," replied she.

A SHABBY LOVER.—A London dressmaker recently had her lover arrested for taking from her certain presents which he had made to her. She stated in court that she had been engaged to the prisoner for several months, and on the previous Saturday evening had met him by appointment. He took her into a jeweler's shop, saying he would buy her a chain, and selected one. He asked her to see how it would look on her watch, and she detached the latter from her own chain and tried it on the new one. He afterward put the watch in his pocket and the chain on the counter. Then he asked to see some wedding rings, and at his request she took a engagement ring from her finger and tried on three or four wedding rings, one of which fitted her. Remarking that it looked very nice on her finger, he put the ring in his pocket and purchased a pin for himself, saying that he would satisfy the jeweler for his trouble. The dressmaker asked the prisoner for the watch and engagement ring, but he refused to give them to her, remarking that they were his property, and taking her into the jeweler's, as he had done, was the only means he had of getting them. She then gave him into custody. She did not know whether she could call herself engaged to the prisoner still. He had given her the watch and ring, but had never asked for them back. She had a little quarrel with him a month previously, but that was made up. The magistrate observed that he did not think any jury would convict the prisoner of stealing the things and therefore the man must be discharged. The dressmaker left the court, remarking that it was a disgraceful thing.

SHE COULD BUT WOULDN'T.—This is the way in which a Western girl disposes of a young man. She says: "You have asked me pointedly if I could marry you, and I have answered you pointedly that I can. I can marry a man who makes love to a different girl every month. I can marry a man whose main occupation seems to be to join in a gauntlet in front of churches and theatres, and comment audibly upon the people who are compelled to pass through it. I can marry a man whose only support is an aged father. I can marry a man who boasts that any girl can be won with the help of a good tailor and an expert tongue. I can marry such a man but I won't!"

According to the latest census of Austria, there are in that country 183 men and 229 women who had reached, or passed, the age of a hundred years.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A LONDON CUSTOM.—In the high-toned London restaurants the waiters will not permit even a husband and wife to have dinner or lunch sent to them in a private room. Indeed, a party must consist of uneven members, threes, fives or sevens, before that party can be waited on.

CONVENIENT FOR LOVERS.—In Bulgaria the unmarried girls love to ornament their hair with wreaths of flowers, and on festive occasions wear rows of gold coins round their necks. This is a most convenient arrangement for suitors, as they may fairly guess at the worldly circumstances of their intended by the number of the ducats displayed.

"TWO PENNY WOMEN."—In London this title is given to women engaged by those who do not like to visit the Three Balls personally, and who pay twopence for each parcel to be conveyed to the pawnbrokers, and the same amount on the parcels being withdrawn Every quarter a "twopenny" also receives her commission from the pawnbroker, and, with other odd jobs arising from this intercourse, contrives, in certain quarters to make a comfortable livelihood.

WHERE TOMATOES WERE FIRST EATEN.—It is a Newport tradition that tomatoes were first eaten in this country in about 1833, in a house still standing there, by an Italian painter named Corne. He bought a stable on the street now called from him, fashioned it into a dwelling house, and there lived and died. Previous to his coming, and long after, tomatoes, then called "love apples," were thought to be poisonous. Indeed, as late as 1835 they were regarded as poisonous throughout Connecticut.

THE DUNWICH ROSE.—Near the coast of Suffolk, England, are the ruins of Dunwich Priory, and in the clefts of these ruins grows the Dunwich rose. This rose is said to have been brought by monks from Normandy many centuries since, and it is stated that it will grow nowhere else. It degenerates when cultivated, and resembles the Scotch rose. It is a powerfully scented flower, and rambles over the surface of the cliffs. The flower has a single blossom of purest white velvet, with anthers of black or brown.

DRUNKENNESS IN SWEDEN.—Drunkenness in Sweden and Norway is cured in the following manner: The drunkard is put in prison, and his only nourishment is bread soaked in wine. During the first day the prisoner receives the bread and wine with much pleasure. On they second day the food is not so acceptable. After that he takes his food with great repugnance. In general eight or ten days of this treatment suffices to produce such a disgust of liquor that the unhappy man is compelled to absolute abstinence. After leaving prison, his drunkenness is radically cured.

AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.—All the world has heard of the eccentric distaste of King Ludwig of Bavaria for publicity, especially in the theatre. His passionate love of the drama, and his excellent judgment upon it and its allied arts—it's poetry, scenery and music—are equally matters of notoriety. A citizen of Munich says he has not seen the King in a theatre since 1868, when he sat alone in the royal box. Since that time King Ludwig has become still more shy of society, and he now arranges for separate representations of plays and operas, at which he constitutes the whole and sole audience.

DRESS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO IN FRANCE.—The revolutionary heroes in France wore a sugar loaf hat which was nothing if not ugly. They wore a loose cravat of white cambric, tied in a large bow, a frilled shirt, a white waistcoat with red perpendicular stripes, a long green coat with a high collar and small cuffs, buttoned tightly over the breast, from whence it slope away to the hips, having very wide and long skirts. The pantaloons were very tight, buttoned up from the ankles to the middle of the thigh with low-top boots, and the coat sleeve was furnished with ruffles at the wrist.

SPANISH FAIRS.—The fairs are the peasants' delight. The farmer at the annual fair sells or buys his mules or wheat, as the case may suit, the housewife lays in her store of cheese, crockery, dried fruits, dresses, etc., to last her humble household for the whole year. In Spring, in southern Spain, the old custom of turning a bull into the streets at night to open the fair, is still extant At nine o'clock at night the streets are lit up with pitch, charcoal and wood fires; they are lined with hundreds of men and boys; the fair ones and the better class gaze on the spectacle from the balconies. The bull, a young one, is led into the street; the men buffet and swear and scream at him. He blunders into a doorway, and is dragged out; smashes a glass window, and is cursed for his pains; chases some one especially obnoxious to him down the street, amid the roars and shouts of the frightened and fugitive crowd. Generally one or two men per night are injured or killed by the bull.

OVERBURDENED.

BY J. M.

O Sage, who hadst never beheld
The righteous forsaken, nor seen
His seed to beg pittance compell'd—
These days are not those that have been!

O Bard, who hast told us that never
Breathed mortal but clung to his life,
And was loth to depart and to sever
His lot from its struggle and strife,

Thy lines must have fallen, indeed,
In places far other than ours,
Where the nettle, and bramble and weed
Choke the grain and o'ershadow the flowers.

O Saint, who couldst welcome the grave
As the gate of a lifetime to come,
Thou wert never as we are: The Slave
Draws a far other picture of Home.

No more Life though he spend it in praise;
No more Toil, though the toil may be blessed;
'Tis, oh, for the Night that ends his Days,
And the Death that brings him Rest.

INEZ;

—OR,—

LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THERE was no lighter, happier heart in the world than Agatha Lynne's on that evening as she listened to the story of Allan's love. She had always liked him; there had been a time when she had preferred her cousin, Lord Lynne; but he had not loved her, and she was not the girl to waste her life in vain sorrow and regret. When Philip's image faded, Allan's took its place. She had cared for no one in London, because she felt that he loved her, and she liked him better than any one else.

There was a deep sense of happiness in her gentle heart; there was nothing to fear. She knew that Philip and Inez would like her to marry Allan; she would live near them, and they would be one happy family. She lay down to sleep with a quiet smile upon her lips, her face wearing the glad look of a little child.

How long she had slept Agatha did not know; the morning light shone gray and dim in her room when she was aroused by some one trying the handle of her door.

"Who is there?" she cried, wondering who could want her at that unusual hour of the night.

"Let me in, Agatha," said her sister; "I want to speak to you."

In a moment the door was unfastened, and the sisters stood face to face.

"Inez, dearest, what is the matter?" cried Agatha. She was stupefied at Lady Lynne's appearance. Her face was white, her lips drawn, and her hair hung over her shoulders.

"I have been ill all night, Agatha," replied Inez. "I am going to sleep now; but I wanted to see you first. See," she continued, drawing from beneath her dressing-gown a packet of papers, "I have brought you this. I know you always keep your word, Agatha. Will you promise me that in the morning, between seven and eight o'clock, you will read it?"

"I will read it now, if you like," said Agatha, gently.

"No; that will not do," said Inez. "Promise me that you will sleep with it under your pillow, that you will read it at the time I mention, and that the moment you have read it you will, before you leave your room, destroy it. Promise me, or I shall not sleep."

"Then I promise you faithfully," said Agatha, willing to humor what she believed to be a sick fancy. "Place it there with your own hands, dear, and I will not touch it until seven o'clock. It is just three now," she said, looking at her watch.

Lady Lynne placed the papers beneath the pillow, and then she knelt by her sister's bedside.

"Agatha, darling," she said, "life would have been very different for us both if years ago I had come home to my father's house. But you love me, do you not, although you have not known me long?"

"I love you all the better for that," said Agatha, with a bright smile. "I have to make up for all those lost years."

"And if I have ever been unkind, or cold, or cruel to you, you will forgive me," continued Inez. "I shall sleep better, dear, if you will kiss me and tell me so."

Agatha threw her loving arms round the stately figure of her sister; she drew the white beautiful face down to hers, and kissed it again and again.

"I have asked you something in this letter, Agatha," said Inez. "Promise me you will do it."

"I promise you, dear," replied Agatha; "and now try to sleep. You look so ill, I am frightened."

Once more Lady Lynne kissed the sweet face with its golden hair; then, with a gentle, noiseless step, she returned to her own room.

"Yes," she said to herself, "I shall sleep well. I wonder if all sin brings its own punishment, as mine has done."

She did not look this time at the mirror; had she done so, the white face, with its awful look, would have alarmed her.

Once more she went to the window, and looked her last on the blue sky and the fair earth.

"Farewell, life, beauty, hope, and love!" she murmured.

Then came to her, as she stood there, a vivid recollection of Bertie Bohun; she saw again the brave young face, and heard the earnest voice. She remembered his words, "If ever you are in trouble, or want a friend, send for me."

She wondered, with a dull kind of wonder, if he could help her; but no, the web was woven tightly round her, and there was no escape.

"His last recollection of me shall be a pleasant one," she said, drawing the folds of her dressing-gown around her. "Oh mother, mother," she murmured—"the mother whom I never saw or knew—if you had taken me with you, I should not have been left to die alone."

In the clear calm stillness of the bright Italian night she laid herself down upon the bed she was never more to leave. The rich masses of hair fell over her shoulders—a few tears, so burning that they seemed to scorch her face, ran down her cheeks, the last poor Inez would ever shed.

The hand that raised the fatal phial to her lips never faltered; something like a prayer, a wild cry for mercy, escaped her, then the nerveless hand fell down, and Inez "slept well" at last.

* * * * *

Agatha wondered for some little time at her sister's strange visit, but her thoughts wandered to Allan, and then she forgot it in her busy dreams. It was the broad, clear morning light that awoke her at last—a sunbeam, peeping right into her room, and seeming to reproach her for sleeping so long.

It was not until she was wide awake that the young girl remembered her sister's visit, and the letter.

True to her promise, she first looked at her watch—it was just half-past seven; then she turned to the papers, and began to read them.

A horrified expression gradually stole over her face as she read that Confession. Pity, compassion, and shame succeeded each other rapidly in her mind.

Could it be that her beautiful, gifted sister had done this—had married secretly, and never even told Philip? When she understood it fully, and found that it was the Count who had blighted that young life she shivered with sickening apprehension. That her sister Lady Lynne, of whom they were all so fond and so proud, could have deceived her husband so basely!—oh why had she not told him all when she found that the Count yet lived? Pity came after anger. What had she not suffered!—what hidden anguish, what untold torture!—and then, with ever growing surprise, she read how she herself had been betrayed.

"Then he did love me, after all," she cried; "but it is best as it is. Allan would have been wretched without me. Poor Inez! she has been sinned against as well as sinning."

Then the reading of that sad letter alarmed her. What was coming on the day which had already dawned? What did she mean by speaking of death and dying?

A dreadful thought flashed across her for a moment; it rendered her helpless, and she fell back, unable to move. What might be happening while she delayed? Still, true to her promise, she destroyed the letter before she quitted her room. She was hurrying along the corridor when she met Stephanie, her sister's maid. The girl looked pale and frightened.

"Miss Lynne," she said, "I was just coming to fetch you. I have knocked twenty times at my lady's door, and she has never answered me."

Agatha's heart almost stood still with fear; she knocked and called Inez, but no answer came. Then she opened the door gently, and entered the room. All that was mortal of Lady Lynne lay upon the bed before her, the beautiful face white and still, the lips for ever silent and cold.

"Fetch Lord Lynne!" cried Agatha, with a low cry, as she fell upon her knees.

It seemed but a moment, and the terrified husband stood beside her.

"Great Heaven!" he cried, in a voice they never forgot, "she is dead!"

Yes dead and at rest, with a look upon the exquisite face that awed them by its peaceful solemnity.

Doctors were summoned, the terrified servants, with loud cries, seeking aid, but it was all in vain. She had been dead for hours.

"I will not believe it," cried Lord Lynne; "she was not ill last night—not ill enough to die. I am mad or dreaming—I cannot believe it."

They could not persuade him to leave the room where she lay; he would not, could not believe that she was dead.

It was not until the first bewilderment of this surprise had passed away that they thought of asking how she had died. Alas, the question was soon answered. There lay the little phial empty, and marked "Laudanum—poison," and the odor of it still lingered upon the white cold lips.

Then the weeping, frightened Stephanie told how her lady suffered agonies with neuralgia, and how she took a little opium to lull the pain.

"Last night," said the poor girl, "my lady was ill with it; she must have intended to take enough to quiet the pain, and have taken too much."

So every one believed; there was no reason to doubt it. The wretched and unhappy commit suicide; but no care or trouble, they said, had ever come to the brilliant and beautiful Lady Lynne.

The news gradually spread, and a crowd of people assembled around the Palazzo Giorni.

They spoke in whispers of the terrible accident, of the wealth and loveliness of the lady who lay dead, of the grief of her husband and the sorrow of her friends. But amongst that vast crowd no one whispered that the lady upon whom Nature and wealth had lavished their fairest gifts had by her own hand cut short the life that her own folly had blighted.

Agatha and Lady Florence were bewildered by the dreadful shock. Lord Lynne was incapable of attending to anything. His valet fetched Sir Allan Leigh, thinking his master's friend would best take his master's place.

The young baronet's horror at hearing of the tragedy was unbounded.

"Can it really be true, Holland?" he asked of the trembling servant. "When we left Lady Lynne last evening, she looked well and happy."

"It is true, Sir Allan," said the man, "and my master is half mad. There is no one to superintend any arrangements. Will you come to the Palazzo, for I do not know what is best to be done? Lord Lynne seems as though he could neither hear nor speak."

Tears rose to Sir Allan's eyes as he remembered the look upon his friend's face last evening, and how he had smiled when he had bidden him call at three to-morrow.

As soon as he arrived at Lord Lynne's he asked to see Agatha. Years of bitter sorrow seemed to have passed over that sweet face since he saw it last. It was white, and dark shadows were beneath the large sad eyes.

"Agatha," he said, "my dear one, you must not grieve so much. You will be ill yourself."

But he could give no comfort. Agatha Lynne sorrowed as one who has no hope. Others grieved for what they considered the consequences of a sad accident; she alone knew the truth, and it weighed her down nearly to the grave. Every word of that letter seemed burned upon her heart. She could not forget it; she could not forget the last despairing clasp of her sister's arms, or the look she had seen upon her face. It was a fearful secret for one so young to keep, but she guarded it well.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TO this day, in the great cemetery of San Lorenzo, at Rome, people show the grave of the beautiful lady who died at the Palazzo Giorni, and whose husband sorrowed so deeply that he became ill, and nearly lost his life. There is a fair white marble monument, and it tells the name and age of the ill-fated lady who sleeps beneath.

Years afterwards, when the sad story was fading in men's minds, there came one day to the grave a young English officer. He had travelled from Canada, he said; and the guide who took him to the cemetery saw him lay his head down upon the marble, while deep, bitter sobs shook his frame.

Bertie Bohun never forgot Lady Lynne; no other woman's face ever charmed him. He never spoke of love again; his heart was buried in the grave of the beautiful, brilliant girl, who had remembered his love in the last and most bitter hour of her life.

Never had any event caused a greater sensation than the sudden death of Lord Lynne's young wife. The Palazzo Giorni was thronged with visitors, callers, and friends.

Agatha Lynne saw but one, and that was the Count Rinaldo. She gave orders that, if he called, she wished to see him; and he was shown into the darkened room where she sat. He was pale and agitated.

"Miss Lynne," he said, in a low voice, "I dare scarcely ask can this sad news be true?"

"It is true, Count Montalti," she replied. "Who should know it better than yourself? You hunted her to death. I will give her last message to you, and then never let me see you more. For your own base and cowardly sake, you will keep my poor sister's secret. Its betrayal will harm no one but yourself. She is safe out of the reach of all the harm your slanderous words can do her."

He listened while she repeated the words Inez had written.

The power of speech seemed to have left him. He had, in his mercenary schemes, pushed his cruelty and persecution too far, and they had recoiled upon himself.

Agatha Lynne spoke but few words to him; they were what a good spirit might have used, but they were spoken in vain.

His schemes and plans were over; the fate of the wicked was upon him. Go where he would, do what he might, the face of the girl he had deceived and hunted to death haunted him. He tried everything—he plunged into mad scenes of the wildest dissipation—he sought refuge in the haunts of the gay and worldly; but all in vain. Sleeping or waking, by night or day, he saw that face. There was no oblivion for him. He left Rome before the funeral of Lady Lynne took place.

Three years afterwards Agatha read in one of the French daily journals a short paragraph, which told of the death of Count Rinaldo Montalti. He died stabbed in a quarrel which took place in a Parisian gambling-house, and Lady Lynne was avenged.

After her interview with him was ended, and he had left her presence frightened and subdued, Agatha went to the room where her sister lay. She knelt by her side and kissed the cold lips, murmuring the while that she had done her bidding, and would keep her secret well. Agatha never gazed upon that beautiful face again; it was soon hidden from all eyes.

* * * * *

It was on a bright sunny day that Lady Lynne was laid to rest in the cemetery of San Lorenzo. Those who saw Lord Lynne then barely recognized him; he could not recover from the shock. He could not endure the sight or the name of the place where he had lost her. Two days after the funeral he left Rome, and went, he hardly knew whither.

Society had received a shock in the death of its brilliant ornament. But no stranger perhaps felt more sympathy with the bereaved household than did good Mrs. Cadwell. She discussed the event in all its bearings with Mrs. Godwin, who had changed places with her, and was now patronized instead of patronizing.

There were mourning and lamentation in the old Hall of Lynnewolde when the tragic fate of its young mistress was known. Mrs. Lynne grieved over the sad ending of the young life that had promised so fairly and so well.

It was at Alexandria that Lord Lynne became so dangerously ill that his life was despaired of.

Then Sir Allan, like a true friend, went to the rescue, and nursed him through the long and tedious malady, and at his urgent request went with him to the East. But it was not without some sacrifice that Sir Allan Leigh did this. He had hoped, when the year of mourning expired, to make Agatha his wife; but she asked him to wait. She did not regain her spirits; the secret she kept weighed her down.

After the funeral, Agatha and Lady Florence came home. Evelyne returned to the Chase, and life went on slowly and sadly until Sir Allan was summoned to Alexandria.

Then they had the fever of suspense to pass through. Letters were looked for with a sickening anxiety, until the news came that the beloved son and brother was recovering. He could not return home, he said; he should go on to the East, and Sir Allan would go with him. When he had learned to forget he would return to Lynnewolde.

The years of his absence were dull ones to the ladies at the Hall. Lady Florence had, by Lord Lynne's advice, consented to receive a small income from the Wyverne estate.

Mrs. Lynne had grown warmly attached to her, and would never hear of her leaving Lynnewolde. She was sister and companion to Agatha, and filled the place of the beloved one they had lost.

People wondered why Agatha Lynne did not recover her health and spirits. It must have been a dreadful shock, they said, for she had never been the same since. And she never was quite the same. She could not forget; the sad life and death of that beautiful, brilliant sister were ever before her; the words of that last letter seemed ever in her mind.

If she could have shared her secret with Allan, it would have weighed less heavily upon her; but that she could not do. She never betrayed her trust, although for many years it clouded and shadowed her life. The faintest shadow of doubt was never thrown upon the fair name of Inez, Lady Lynne.

The first happy event that dawned was the marriage of Evelyne Leigh.

Somewhat to the amusement and surprise of Agatha, her friend made, during a visit to London, the conquest of her old admirer, the Marquis of Hortington.

It was Evelyne's great likeness to Agatha which first attracted him, for he had never forgotten the sweet and gentle girl he had first loved.

Evelyne Leigh went to London to spend some months with her aunt, Lady Meerston. Here the young lord saw and learned to love

her. No one was much more surprised than Miss Leigh herself.

Sir Allan could not return for the wedding. He could not leave his friend. Letters and presents came from the East, and he promised, that as soon as Lord Lynne recovered, they would return to Lynnewolde. So Evelyne Leigh was married from her aunt's house, and Lady Florence took Agatha's place as her chief bridesmaid.

Lord and Lady Hortington were very happy. He thought no one in the wide world was so beautiful or so clever as his gay, pretty little wife; and she, with her good, clear sense, and quick, bright intellect, helped him to fill his responsible position with great credit. There are not many happier people in the world than Evelyne and her husband.

Once, after her return to England, Agatha heard of the Cadwells. Julia married—and married, every one said, "remarkably well." They sent cards to Florence and Agatha, who replied by a kind letter of congratulation. They have seen nothing of them since. Maria remained an old maid. She still speaks of the great glory of her life—the time "Lady Florence visited them in Rome," and her friends listen in wonder and awe.

CHAPTER XXXIV., AND LAST.

"IT hardly seems four years, auntie," said Agatha to Mrs. Lynne, one morning as they walked along the smooth green lawn of Lynnewolde. "How much older and wiser we are than when we left here for London, on that bright Spring morning! I never thought so much sorrow lay before us."

"Four years is a long time when one is young," replied Mrs. Lynne; "even to me each year has seemed an age. I have longed so earnestly to see my son again."

"Will he be much altered, do you think?" asked Agatha; "and oh, auntie, will he have forgotten her?"

"No," said Mrs. Lynne, "my poor boy will never forget her; but he is young and naturally light-hearted. I have great hopes for him. I trust yet to see him settled at Lynnewolde, a happy husband, with children growing around him, for he has suffered enough."

"But not as bitterly as I have done," thought the young girl to herself.

"They will be here this evening," continued Mrs. Lynne, "and we must give them a grand reception."

When evening came, and a tall bronzed man with saddened eyes stood before her once again, Mrs. Lynne was perfectly happy.

No one could look at Lord Lynne without seeing that he had suffered acutely; but "four years is a long time when one is young," and the anguish of his pain was over now. He would never forget the beautiful girl who had loved him so passionately, but life had still many blessings in store for him.

Warm was the welcome given to the wanderers. Friends vied with each other in kind attentions.

The first visitors who came to Lynnewolde were Lord and Lady Hortington.

"And now, Allan," said Evelyne to her brother, "when do you intend following my bright example? You have finished proposing with Lord Lynne, I hope. Agatha is very patient; if you had been my lover instead of hers, you should have stayed in the East."

"Evelyne, be reasonable," remonstrated her brother. "If I had come sooner, Agatha would not have married me. You do not know the effect her sister's death had upon her."

"It was very dreadful," replied Evelyne; "but then one cannot live always under an eclipse. The sun must shine after darkness. Do not let her put you off again, Allan. I have no patience with such delays."

Allan acted upon his sister's advice. He would listen to no excuses. Agatha said she could not leave Mrs. Lynne, but he declared Lady Florence would take her place admirably.

"The fact is, Agatha," he said, "I have waited all my life for you, and you have been my promised wife for four years. Do you think it is kind to make me wait still longer? With neither brother nor sister at the Chase, you cannot think my life a very happy one."

Agatha did not send him away again. She promised that when August came she would be his wife.

Old times seemed to have come back to Lynnewolde. When Agatha married Allan Leigh she laid aside her sadness—she would not grieve him.

Lady Florence was bright and animated. Lord Lynne looked happy once more. Yet, on this wedding day, in the midst of happiness and festivity, they thought of the brilliant, beautiful lady who had once been queen of the old Hall.

Agatha went home with her husband to the Chase; and there is no happier wife in the world than Lady Leigh.

Her husband idolizes her. He calls her his pearl, his treasure beyond price; and if he sees at times a look of sadness stealing over her face he charms it away.

* * * * *

In the old picture gallery at Lynnewolde there hangs a portrait that, when the family are away, visitors flock to see. It is of a beautiful lady with a lovely Southern face and dark almond eyes—a smile half parts the rich red lips, and masses of black waving hair flow over the white shoulders.

"And that," says the visitor, "is Lady Inez Lynne, the lady who died in Rome?"

"Yes," replies the housekeeper; "and this is my lord's second wife, Lady Florence Lynne."

Then she turns to the portrait of a golden-haired English lady whose exquisite face and violet eyes tell of happiness and love.

* * * * *

Ten years afterwards Lady Leigh watched a scene from the lawn at Lynnewolde that charmed her. It was a beautiful evening in June; the soft breeze was filled with the perfumes of roses and lilacs. Lord Lynne sat under the shade of the great chestnut, with Lady Florence by his side. Mrs. Lynne, now a silver-haired, feeble woman, sat near them, and a group of children were playing upon the lawn with a large dog, their especial pride and pet. A fine, handsome boy, the heir of Lynnewolde, was trying to make his little sister ride upon the dog; but the child resisted.

"Then you come, Maud," he cried, turning to a lovely little girl near him. "You try. Inez is a coward."

"Hush, Allan!" cried his father. "Come here, my darling," he said to the little one;—she had dark, mournful eyes, and hair black as the raven's wing. "Come here and stay with me. Mind, Allan," he said; "remember what I have so often told you; you must always be kind to Inez."

He took her in his arms and kissed her, because she bore his dead wife's name. He had not forgotten that grave in the far off land, although he had made his true choice at last.

Nellie's Lovers.

BY F. G.

"THAT will do, Ellen. We will not discuss the matter further. You will please regard Mr. Gratton as your future husband."

"But, papa, I can't. It is impossible! I don't love him. If two persons are going to spend all their lives together, there ought to be some affection between them, surely."

"Humph! A little of such a commodity goes a long way. Good, wholesome affection is, in my opinion, the best foundation for marriage. But there, I can't spare time for sentimental discussions. I quite approve of Gratton's proposals. He will make you an excellent husband; and you, with a little training, will make a very good wife. So now we will consider the matter settled;" and the old gentleman, with the air of one who has satisfactorily concluded a somewhat tiresome business, rubbed up his spectacles and drew the inkstand towards him.

His daughter, however, felt that the business could not be thus summarily dismissed.

"But, papa, indeed, it can't be settled so—indeed—indeed it can't. You must give me time," she cried

Her father elevated his eyebrows in surprise.

"Time for what, my dear?" he inquired.

"To consider—to decide."

"Really, Ellen, you are in a most refractory humor. The idea of a girl of your age being capable of deciding for herself. Bless my soul! I never heard of such a thing. Why, I am the proper person to judge what is best for you."

Nellie made no reply, but there were dangerous symptoms of tears about her blue eyes. Remarking which, her father made a hasty compromise, and informed her that for two days the question should remain as it was, but at the end of that time he hoped to find her more amenable to reason—for marry Mr. Gratton she must and should.

"I won't, though," quoth rebellious Nellie, in the strict seclusion of her own apartment; and settling herself in the easiest and most comfortable of lounging chairs, she took a calm and deliberate review of her position.

A year before, Nellie Foster and Richard (or as he was more commonly called Dick) Turner met at the house of a mutual friend. They were both young and good looking, and they were thrown a great deal into each other's society. The result can therefore be guessed.

Dick was rich in youth, in hope, in courage; but he was totally deficient in more worldly possessions; so when, "brave in a good cause," he applied to Mr. Foster for his consent to their engagement, he met with a determined denial.

So, after a stolen interview where the lovers kissed, and promised faithfulness with a sympathetic maid mounting guard in the distance, Dick went away to the golden west, and Nellie, left at home, cried herself pale and sick.

She never heard directly from him, but she often heard of him, and many were the long and loving messages they exchanged through the medium of a convenient third person.

But now an unpleasant incident had arisen. Mr. Gratton, a business connection of Mr. Foster's, had been desperately smitten with the *beaux yeux* of the fair damsel. The father beamed a cordial approbation on his suit, but the daughter pouted that he was staid and middle-aged; that he wore spectacles, and had a bald head. Still, argued she, with a philosophy beyond her years, it was of no earthly good to spoil her eyes and puff her cheeks with crying.

Accordingly, Nellie wiped away the drops that sprinkled on her curling lashes, and ordering out her horse, went for a long drive countrywards.

On her return she found that her father had been summoned away to the north on urgent business, but expected to be back in a few days.

The interval slipped quickly away. The evening of the third day Nellie was going to a ball under the chaperonage of her aunt. The important and delightful business of dressing was just completed when there was a knock and ring, followed by the sound of her father's voice.

Taking up her fan and gloves, and bidding the maid bring her cloak and other necessaries, she ran downstairs to the dining-room.

She had advanced into the room before she perceived that her father was not there, but that, standing on the hearthrug, was Mr. Gratton.

He came eagerly forward, radiant with smiles.

"Dear Miss Ellen," he said, tenderly, lifting her hands, "you have made me the happiest man in the world."

Nellie was too much taken by surprise to speak or withdraw her hands, but a vivid, burning blush leapt into her face, tinging even her neck, and reaching to the roots of her hair.

"I met your father half an hour ago," he continued; "and he informed me of my good fortune. I accompanied him here, that I might have it confirmed it with your own sweet lips."

Nellie's tongue began to recover its lost power, though somewhat haltingly, it is true.

"I—I—papa—that is—I can't——"

Elation had deprived Mr. Gratton of his usual sagacity, and in Ellen's confusion he read only the natural signs of maiden bashfulness.

"Mrs. Tremartoch's carriage is at the door, miss."

Nellie's heart gave a great bound of relief, and scarcely waiting for the requisite wraps, she flew down the steps and into the brougham in such frantic haste as to elicit from her aunt the querulous complaint:

"Mind, child, mind; you've already quite crushed my skirt, and now you are tearing my lace."

The clock on the mantel-piece in Nellie's chamber, was chiming ten silvery strokes when that young lady opened her eyes the next morning. She sprang out of bed, vexed at having slept so late.

Nellie felt quite provoked at her own lameness, for now the whole day must be gone through before she would be able to say a word to her father of that which was paramount in her thoughts, and that afternoon she was to accompany him to a dinner party.

As she had expected, Mr. Foster came hurrying home at the last moment, and in a great haste made his toilet and escorted his daughter.

Nellie's companion during the repast was a gentleman who devoted himself with praiseworthy zeal to the satisfying of an enormous appetite. Her loss was not very great, and she found easy consolation in listening to the conversation going on around her.

During the removal of the courses, she heard her host address a lady next to him.

"By the by, that is wonderful news about Dick Turner. I suppose you have heard it?"

"No, indeed, I have not. Please inform me."

"Why, it appears his father was a relative of the banker Colcortin, and that gentleman by his death leaves his whole fortune to him."

The conscious color came and went in Nellie's cheeks. She glanced across at her father, and though he was doing energetic work with his knife and fork she fancied he must have heard as well as herself.

"Papa, may I speak to you a moment, please?"

They were at home again, and Nellie felt that sleep would be impossible until she had had a talk with her father.

"Certainly. What is it?" asked Mr. Foster, following her into the dining-room.

"Mr Gratton began—began saying something to me last night. I hadn't time to explain anything because Aunt Grace was waiting. But to day I had a letter, so I wrote and told him."

And having ended this somewhat incoherent speech, Nellie fell to picking the swan-down from her cloak.

"And pray what did you tell him?" queried her father sharply.

"That Dick and I were engaged to each other," she returned, with a brave look.

"Then you are indeed a very disobedient child."

"Papa, dear, didn't you hear what Mr. Atkinson said at dinner?"

"Mr. Atkinson talked about a good many things, I believe."

"Yes; but I mean about Dick having succeeded to a lot of money."

"Hem! I fancy I did hear something of the sort."

"Then that would make a difference, wouldn't it?" softly inquired Nellie, as she laid her hand caressingly on her father's sleeve.

"Can't say yet; I haven't considered the matter sufficiently. Besides, the young man may have changed his mind before this."

"No; that I am sure he has not," affirmed Nellie, with a proud toss of her little head.

"Well, good night, my dear. You ought to have been in bed long ago."

Weeks passed on, and Nellie heard nothing of her lovers. She concluded either that Mr. Gratton had accepted her statement as final, or that her father had confirmed it; for when she ventured timidly to inquire about him, she was informed that he had gone abroad.

As the weeks lengthened into months, her heart began to ache with a dreary little pain, and her fair face became wan and pinched. No tidings reached her from far away, neither letter nor message, and the dark shadow of doubt fell athwart her love-dream.

It was a sultry day in the early part of August. Nellie was seated at the piano, listlessly playing one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," when a servant came to tell her she was wanted in the dining-room.

Expecting to find the dressmaker, with whom she had an appointment that afternoon, she languidly obeyed the summons. Scarcely was she within the door when a pair of strong arms took forcible possession of her, and her lips and cheeks received a very liberal salute from a well-bearded and moustached mouth.

"Ah! Dick, is it you?" she gasped.

"Me?—of course it is, my own little love! Though I thought I was never going to see you again, we have had so many delays and misadventures."

And, by way of compensation for past troubles, he repeated his former greeting.

"Don't!" murmured Nellie, feeling intensely happy. "What will papa say?"

"It is all right, my darling; I went first to see him, and he sent me here. And I am sorry to inform you, young lady, that your manners are by no means perfect. You haven't had the politeness to say that you are glad to see me."

The response it is needless to record, and a further chronicle of the interview would prove uninteresting to outsiders.

Nellie is Mrs. Turner now, and her bonny, curly-haired little son rejoices in the most indulgent of godfathers, who is none other than her sometime lover and present valued friend, Mr. Gratton.

Justice Samuel F. Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, in his address to the Illinois Bar Association, spoke of the cases and opportunities which tend to develop great lawyers, and said that the Beecher trial was not one of them. That he characterized as a mockery—a reproach to the court, the profession, and the public. "It was a theatrical performance; the Judge, the counsel, and the parties were the actors, who kept themselves before the public for three months, more by the spiciness of the play than any merit of the performance. Great lawyers are not made in that way.

Many of the present holders of the lands in New Orleans conceded to Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines by the decision of the United States Circuit Court, have petitioned the city authorities to attempt a settlement of the judgments against them. They say that so far Mrs. Gaines has left them in possession of the property, and has not attempted to execute her money judgments, and that she announces her willingness to enter into any reasonable arrangement with the city authorities by which they may retain possession and be quieted in their title.

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Standard* tells this: "When, a short time ago, the secret police commissioned a well-known writer to produce a series of anti-Nihilist articles, the loyal litterateur is said to have asked for the latest revolutionary pamphlets before setting to work. Imagine his dismay when the parcel that was to contain the subterranean literature, though sealed with the seal of the Political Police, brought him a letter from the Revolutionary Committee threatening death if he presumed to carry out the Government order."

The grand-daughter of Burns is about to merry a Mr. David Wingate, who, like her grandfather, is a leading Scotch working-man poet.

A Lexington, Ky., dame has a mouse that squeaks bits of tunes.

THE TASK.

BY T. G.

Life's school has many tasks we all must learn,
Lessons of faith and patience, hope and love;
Knowledge of bitter taste, and wisdom stern
Of fires, the temper of our steel to prove;
Much of forbearance gathering years must teach,
And charity, with her angelic face,
Gentling the judgment, softening the speech,
Gives time its surest aid, and grief its grace.

Hardest of all the masters we must bear,
Experience, with cold eyes and measured voice,
Bids us, who hold young lives supremely dear,
Beware, are moulding them to suit our choice:
Warning: "The sky smiles blue, smooth shows the path,
Promise no sunshine, guide no wavering foot;
The loveliest valley hides the seeds of death,
The poison lurks deep in the fairest fruit."

Leave the young hearts to Nature and to God,
Leave the young tendrils where they will to twine;
Where violets blossom, and white snowdrops nod,
Fall April dews, where April's sunlights shine;
Gather the ripened corn, if yet some ears
Are left for faltering hand and patient care;
But for the darlings of decaying years,
Leave them alone, in all save love and prayer.

Mrs. Dent's Error.

BY W. O.

MRS. DENT emerged from the handsome suite of rooms on the second floor of the hotel, and a weary-looking lady appeared at the head of the stairs, and with slow step commenced mounting the next flight.

Her hat and suit of simple gray, though exceedingly inexpensive, fitted her *petite* form to perfection.

Mrs. Dent noticed all this, as she had many times before.

But, as before, her chief interest was centred in the sad, intellectual face, with its lovely hazel eyes and crown of dark auburn hair.

"Dear me!" she thought, "how that poor soul's face and hair haunt me! There's something very charming about her; and oh! she looks as if she was carrying a load of trouble."

She stood an instant, and then re-entered the room she had just left.

"John," she said, addressing her husband, "that poor Miss Elderson has just gone up stairs."

Mr. Dent looked over the top of his afternoon paper with a smile, and then replied, in amused tones:

"And hasn't she the right, Annie?"

"Oh, now don't be foolish, John, dear," coaxed pretty Mrs. Dent. "You know that charming creature torments me to death. I think I will mount to her sky-parlor and make her acquaintance."

And Mrs. Dent folded her hands and looked at her husband with questioning eyes, just the same as if she had not done the precise thing about this matter a score of times before.

"Well, dear, I don't see what great objection there can be to your doing so," again smiled Mr. Dent. "You know I've told you so many times."

"Yes, I know," sighed Mrs. Dent, in great tribulation. "But it does seem so intrusive. She might think me actuated by impertinent curiosity. If I could only gain an opportunity to make her acquaintance decently. But to thrust myself upon her—dear me! What shall I do?"

Mrs Dent smoothed an imaginary wrinkle from the forefinger of the gloved left hand, and then burst out:

"John, I do believe the poor soul is starving herself up there under the roof. She takes no meals at the table. The chambermaid buys her milk, I am sure, and I haven't a doubt it's a loaf of bread I often see her carrying up for herself. To think, John, of living, day in and day out, on bread and milk. Dear me, John, I feel dreadfully. Here I am with plenty to spare, and that charming—"

"Annie, if you think this is so go up and see her," interrupted Mr. Dent, with grave earnestness, as he dropped his paper; "you have tact, and with—"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Dent; "but, oh, it is so delicate a thing to do. Miss Elderson is a lady, and—oh, well, I'll go and match my zephyr now, or it will be too dark, and when I come back I'll make up my mind"'

"Make up your mind to worry yourself and do nothing," laughed Mr. Dent, half amusedly, half rebukingly, as Mrs. Dent vacated the chair by his side and hurried away.

"No, I will box up my anxieties and go and see her. There!"

And, with a gay laugh, she closed the door and vanished.

She was as good as her word.

"I must go!" she said, emphatically, to her husband, after tea. "She looked utterly helpless this afternoon, and I've been thinking I could delicately establish her in a nice, refined little home of her own by furnishing a house for her, and finding some dear old lady without means to take care of her. There, John, what do you think of that? Won't she then be delicately cared for?"

"Yes; but what on earth are they going to live on—the furniture?" laughed Mr. Dent.

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Dent. "Why, of course I'll pay the dear old lady's board—a nice sum, too—in consideration of the care, etc."

"You're a darling!" exclaimed Mr. Dent with genuine enthusiasm.

In a few minutes Mrs. Dent was tapping at Miss Elderson's door.

"Come in!" called a sweet, but feeble, voice.

Mrs. Dent entered, a thrill of alarm passing over her as she encountered Miss Elderson's astonished eyes, and noticed how pale she was.

Advancing, she said, with sweet, winning frankness:

"You have interested me deeply, and for weeks I have been longing to call on you, and endeavoring to sum up the necessary courage. This, I trust, Miss Elderson, will render my intrusion not only pardonable in your eyes, but a pleasure to you."

And she extended her hand, with a smile, and added:

"Am I asking too much?"

Miss Elderson had risen to her feet, her soft hazel eyes growing still softer as she listened.

She accepted the hand, with a wan smile, and then staggering back, fell into her chair, gasping:

"Too late—too late!"

"Too late!" echoed Mrs. Dent. "Oh, no; I trust not. But you are looking exceedingly ill, my dear Miss Elderson—you quite alarm me. Pray tell me what I can do for you."

And she began chafing the cold, white hands.

"Nothing!—too late—too late!" she again murmured.

"I will send for my physician," said Mrs. Dent, covering, by a great effort, her excessive alarm.

"No, no!" cried Miss Elderson, clinging to her hand; "it is useless, I assure you. My hours are numbered. No human power can aid me. In a momentary paroxysm of madness I took, a little while ago, that which must very soon end my life. May Heaven forgive me the crime! But oh, I knew not where to turn. I paid my bill here, and now I have not a penny in the world—not one! And, alas! I have lived long enough to learn that money is too precious in the sight of those who possess it to be lightly parted with."

"Oh, why—why did you not trust Heaven?" exclaimed Mrs. Dent, with a burst of tears. "I feared you were in want, and came to-night to help you."

"You?" gasped Miss Elderson; "to help me?"

"Yes," sobbed Mrs. Dent; "and I pray God to forgive my silly delay."

"And my want of faith in him and his creatures," added Miss Elderson feebly. "But, oh, you cannot guess the terrible rebuffs I have met—and from moneyed friends, too. That was the worst—the worst! A little help would—"

A violent convulsion here seized her, and seeing the glazing eyes, Mrs. Dent slipped her hand from the relaxing fingers and ran wildly down to her husband.

"She is dying, John!" she cried. "Send for Dr. Young immediately, and come up to me at once."

And without further explanation she ran back to her patient.

Greatly shocked, Mr. Dent obeyed; but by the time the doctor arrived Miss Elderson was breathing her last.

Mr. Dent led his weeping wife away. As they entered their room she turned and threw herself upon his bosom.

"Oh, John, I can never forgive myself! That mournful 'too late!' will ring in my ears till my dying day! Oh, John, why did I put off that which was a duty? I shall never smile again."

"Yes, love, I will smile," soothed Mr. Dent, tenderly. "You will smile, and you will atone for this mistake by a life long care to avoid a similar one. That is the true repentance, darling, believe me."

"And she!" sobbed Mrs. Dent. "Ah! it is well to put your trust in the Lord. If she had only trusted a little longer how happy she might have been. Oh, John, for ever shall I say, 'trust in the Lord!' and it will not be 'too late' for any good."

LOVELINESS.—What constitutes true loveliness? Not the polished brow, the gaudy dress, nor the show and parade of fashionable life. A woman may have all the outward marks of beauty, and yet not possess a lovely character. It is the benevolent disposition, the kind acts, and the Christian deportment. It is in the heart, where meekness, truth, affection, humility are found, where we look for loveliness; nor do we look in vain. The woman who can soothe the aching heart, smooth the wrinkled brow, alleviate the anguish of the mind, and pour the balm of consolation in the wounded breast, possesses, in an eminent degree, true loveliness of character.

Calheed's Revenge.

BY J. D. M.

THE day is declining in the Orient, and the sun's last rays are cast upon the waters of the Hellespont, making them resplendent in the dazzling glory.

The streets of Constantinople, usually so crowded, are thronged to suffocation by multitudes of strangers. Strangers on every side meet the eye, and all are soldiers. It is a time of war. The Giour is invading the country of the Sultan, and the faithful from all parts of the East rush to do battle, filled with their ancient spirit, and sounding their ancient war-cry.

None breathe more deadly hatred to the Russians, and none are so clamorous for immediate war as the Circassians, and none are more welcome to the capital than the Circassians. The Sultan has called them his children, has given marks of the greatest condescension to their leaders, and promised to let them soon have an opportunity of gratifying their hatred in the blood of the Russians.

Two horsemen stood beneath the shadows of the great mosque, once the church of St. Sophia, and were engaged in the most earnest conversation. One was dressed in the half European, half Asiatic costume of the Turkish army; by the splendor of his dress, it was evident that his rank was very high. He was about forty-five years of age, and his form denoted massive strength and capability of endurance.

The other soldier was about twenty-five years, and was dressed as a Circassian leader. He was tall, and formed in the mould of perfect manhood. His face was pale, his features of the Grecian character, and altogether he was a perfect type of the men of that region whence came the Caucassian race.

They were earnestly conversing.

"So you go in the morning?" said the younger. "O, why may I not go with you?"

"Patience!" said the other. "I beseeched the Sultan, and he has permitted you to leave twenty-four hours after my departure—a favor which he has not granted to any of these newly-arrived troops. Therefore, patience, Calheed."

"Omar, Omar, my blood is like fire within me, and my soul burns and chafes while I delay! O, for one blow at the cursed Russians!"

"Yet why can you not wait a short twenty-four hours?" said Omar Pasha.

"Omar, I am on fire! My father's blood; my brother tortured and bleeding; my sister in horrible captivity; all cry for vengeance! O, for vengeance!"

"Be calm, and trust in Allah, Calheed. You shall soon have the sweetest vengeance. Trust in Omar, your father's friend—I grieve to hear of his death. I was filled with fury when first I heard of it. But you shall have vengeance. Why are you so enraged with Dronnolach?"

"He murdered my father and carried off my sister."

"Dronnolach! Why he was here with the Russian minister."

"He murdered my father before he came here."

"He?—Great Allah!" cried Omar. "I swear if I had known this my friend would have been avenged, and the water should have received the corpse of the accursed murderer."

"Dronnolach, yes," said Calheed, "Dronnolach; and he now is with the Russians who are expected to advance so soon. By heaven, I would die twenty deaths, if I could tear him limb from limb!"

"You shall be revenged!" exclaimed Omar, grasping his hand. "And I, too, for the blood of my basely murdered friend calls for the blood of the Russians."

The two slowly left the shadow of the mosque, and soon on every side resounded the roll of drums, the notes of bugles, the tramp of thousands of soldiers, the neighing of steeds, and the rattling of artillery over the pavement, for Omar Pasha was leaving for the Danube.

A month passed. Brightly rose the sun over the Danubian provinces, where the mighty river rolled its turbid flood onward to the ocean. Now, the valley resounded with the preparations for a deadly battle. Fifteen thousand men under Omar Pasha were drawn up against twenty thousand Russians. High rose the thundering sound of horsemen rushing to and fro, of trumpet peals and signal guns.

Omar stands surrounded by his guards. His army is drawn up on the side of a gentle declivity, disposed in squares for the resistance of an attack. Omar rushed about, viewing every position, commanding his officers, charging his aids, and preparing for the strife.

It was not long delayed. At once the rolling of a thousand drums was heard, and a vast column of the Russians came on to the attack. The cannon of the Turks made horrible carnage among the advancing troops.

There was a wild confusion of shrieks and hideous yells, and a horrible clamor of sounds among the front rank of the Russians; they wavered, they stopped, they began to retreat.

And now the Russian came on to save the infantry. The earth is shaken beneath the tramping of a thousand horses. But from behind an eminence the Turkish horse pour forth to stop them. At their head, mounted on a magnificent horse, rides Calheed, his dark brow lowering with rage, and his eyes flashing with the fire of enthusiasm. "On!" he screamed. The trumpets gave their sound, and the rushing hosts met like whirlwinds in the midst of their furious onset. Down went horseman and rider, pennons and plumes went down, and the neighing of the horses, the shouts of men, the ringing of steel, came forth in a hideous clamor from the struggling mass.

The voice of Calheed sounded loud, shouting to his men. "On!" was the command—"Allah akbar!" the enthusiastic reply.

The strife was for a time obstinate, but Turkish fury, commuted into frenzy by the hope of paradise, prevailed against the bravery of the Russians: they fled in dismay, and the Turks hurried after.

Calheed rushed like a tiger after the Russian commander. That face had roused within him flames of rage, which for two years had burnt within his soul. "Dronnolach! God of heaven!" he cried, and forgetting all the battle in his fierce desire for revenge, he put his Arab steed to his swiftest speed, and came up to the flying Dronnolach.

One bound more, and Calheed was at his side. He seized him by the throat, dashed his sword from his uplifted hand, and hurled him from his horse. Holding tightly to his throat, he placed his knee upon his fallen foe, and shouting to some of his men held him while they bound him.

The seizure of the commander had been so sudden, that none offered to help him, but fled away far away from the pursuing Turks.

The infantry, much weakened, were enabled to retreat back to their comrades; but the battle was fought, and three or four thousand Russians lay slain upon the field.

Omar sat in his tent when all was over, and had just sent away his despatches, when Calheed entered. He was covered with blood and dust.

"Welcome, Calheed, you are a lion in fighting!"

"I have taken Dronnolach," said he, "and I have found that my sister whom he carried off is dead."

"Great Allah!" exclaimed Omar.

"I want vengeance, and therefore I wish to have him to myself. Do you want to see a Circassian's vengeance?—then be with me to-night on the summit of Parnoul."

* * * * * *

The night was calm, and full of that loveliness which is only found in the East. Parnoul was a cliff that rose from the Danube to a height of three hundred feet. Its summit was occupied by the Turks. Yet there was no moon to enliven or cheer the scene. The river that rolled beneath, and the plain that lay around covered with soldiers, were lighted by the stars only. The cliff rose dark and gloomy, while the lights that gleamed from its summit illumined a fearful scene.

A long beam had been thrust out from the cliff, and a rope fastened to it at one end and bound around the ankle of a handcuffed prisoner.

Calheed stood one side of him and Omar upon the other, holding torches, which disclosed the face of the prisoner pale with intensest agony.

Calheed spoke.

"In one hour you die—in one hour, Dronnolach, you will hang over the precipice, the water beneath and a pitiless Heaven above!"

"Mercy, O, mercy!" screamed Dronnolach.

"Remember Ismail, my father," cried Calheed.

"Omar, have pity! O, give me some respite!"

"Think of Ismail my friend, base wretch," said Omar.

"Shoot me—stab me—kill me—O, kill me in any way but this!"

"Dog of a Russian, cease!"

The hour passed on. The stars trembled and twinkled above, the lights glowed on the plain, the river murmured beneath—the last sights and the last sounds on earth for Dronnolach. He writhed in his bonds, he screamed, he knelt down imploring mercy.

"Blood for blood!" said Calheed, in a hoarse whisper. "Come, your time is up—leap to perdition! Will you not? Ha, will you push me, and try to seize me with your teeth? Then, off—off to Eblis!"

Calheed pushed him towards the edge of the cliff, and thrust him violently forth. A loud cry rose to Heaven—a cry of agony! A weight fell violently down and swung at the end of the rope! The vultures knew well the carrion which hung at the rope midway between heaven and earth.

Boston's bricklayers receive only two dollars a day.

The volcano of Mount Ætna, in Sicily, is in eruption.

WHY SO PALE?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pray thee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pray thee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pray thee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Say nothing do't?
Pray thee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot shake her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The deuce should take her!
—SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Only Flirting.

BY MAUDE MURRAY.

"I AM only flirting with him, aunt," said Grace Burrows, lightly. "You're not afraid of our getting married, I suppose? Pshaw! The idea is ridiculous!"

"I am not afraid or concerned for you at all. You are very safe. Nor am I alarmed for any suffering you may inflict upon Mr. Leton, for he will richly deserve it all. I am anxious about one who is worth more than both of you together—Helen Dene, his betrothed wife."

Miss Burrows looked round quickly, and astonished.

"His betrothed wife!" she repeated, sharply. "I was not aware of that."

"I knew you were not; and what honor or glory can you possibly derive from the conquest of a man who already belongs to another?"

The beauty's proud red lip curled with a scornful smile.

"Another's!" she repeated, contemptuously. "Why, he would throw her over for me if I gave him the least encouragement. He is completely infatuated."

And, with an air of supreme indifference, the petted belle and beauty swept from the room—at the same moment that one of the window curtains was pushed aside, and a lady stepped in from the balcony—a lady at sight of whom she who had been addressed as auntie rose to her feet, and came forward with a little cry of distress.

"You have heard our conversation? Oh, Helen!"

She took the new-comer's hand, and led her, for she was trembling violently, to a seat; then, still tenderly holding her hand, sat down beside her.

"What can I say in excuse or apology for Grace?" she began, anxiously; but the other stopped her gently.

"I have nothing to say to Grace in this matter, Mrs. Warren. But for him I feel contempt and scorn unutterable! I am resolved upon my course, and nothing can change me!"

That night Charley Leton led his lovely partner, flushed and panting, from the waltz, to rest awhile in the cool, green, perfumed solitude of the conservatory.

She sank, with languid grace, into a seat, and Leton sank upon his knee beside her, and caught and pressed her white hands to his lips.

"You know," he murmured, low and earnestly—"you know how I love you! Oh, Grace, must it be all in vain?"

She did not answer him—she did not draw her hands away. In her heart the fair coquette admired this man. He had gone nearer than any other to touch her fickle, selfish heart. And he gazed upon the heaving bosom, the tearful eyes, and a thrill of triumph moved his heart. Was this the flirt against whom he had been warned—this soft, sweet, yielding girl?

"You could love me, Grace?" he whispered; and his arm stole round her waist.

"Have you the right to ask?" she murmured.

A faint and sudden rustling in the branches beside them—the magnolia blossoms stirred as if shaken by a summer wind, and some of their perfumed white leaves fell into the fountain's basin—but the pair who sat there paid no heed.

"Yes!" he answered, firmly. "You, and you alone, possess my heart! It is true I thought I loved. Oh, how we may deceive ourselves! You have taught me how great was my mistake. For your sake, Gracie, I will ask her to set me free. I will implore her——"

"It shall not be necessary, sir!"

Again the magnolia blossoms were stirred—were pushed aside, and Helen Dene stood before them.

They started to their feet in confusion.

"I am not here by accident," said Miss Dene, with a lofty scorn. "I saw you lead this lady to the conservatory, and deemed it my right to know what my promised husband had to say to her. Well, I have heard—and I am satisfied. Meanwhile I wish you both all happiness!"

A moment they stood, amazed at the spirit and beauty that flashed upon them, and the next she had turned and passed from their sight.

Grace caught at her companion's arm.

"Follow her!" she cried, eagerly. "Pacify her. I shall never hear the last of this from auntie."

And she also fled, leaving Leton standing there like one bewildered.

He was free. But strangely contradictory is the human heart. Never had Leton admired and valued Helen Dene so highly as in the hour in which he learned that she was lost to him.

Some wild wish to return to his allegiance, some instinctive conviction that his love for her was real love, and that his heart would crave for her through all the time to come, urged him to seek her and implore her pardon. But then Grace—sweet, tender, childish Grace—who had shown him so plainly that she loved him, too, and who had not Helen's strength of mind or soul—could he abandon Grace? He hesitated, and the chance was lost, for Helen left next morning.

It was all for the best, he told himself. Helen would not break her heart for him, like an ordinary woman; she had resources. She was a writer of considerable promise, earnest and ambitious in her pursuit of literary excellence and fame; doubtless she would be easily consoled. With something of pique and regret mingling in his exultation, he renewed his pursuit of Grace.

He resolved to know his fate at once. So the next day he hastened his footsteps to the house.

He sent up his card to Miss Burrows' rooms, and waited for a summons to follow it. To his surprise, Mrs. Warren came down to him instead.

"Grace begs to be excused to-day," she said, very gravely. "She has company, Rupert Walton—you have heard of him—the railway millionaire. Grace has been engaged to him for six months past, and will marry him in the autumn."

"And for this coquette I have lost Helen!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Warren, coldly, "you have lost Helen. Heaven gave you a precious pearl, and you flung it away for a stone. I loved Helen; I can offer you no sympathy, Mr. Leton. You have merited your punishment."

And, bowing coldly, she left him.

And Helen Dene—what of her?

Helen's work in the world saved her. She had a young brother dependent upon her exertions—had no time to sink down beneath a great despair. But all the same, the sweetness had gone from life—the motive had been stolen from her labor.

Still she toiled on, though no longer hopefully. And so three years passed on.

The boy of eighteen, over whose life she had watched with almost a mother's care, was twenty-one now, and had chosen his career, that of an artist.

He had much talent, especially for portrait painting, and his exultation knew no bounds when he got a portrait of his sister placed on view at the Academy.

They went to the Academy one night at an hour when they could avoid the crowd. Right in front of Ralph's picture, and apparently oblivious of all beside, sat a gentleman who gazed on it with a troubled face and earnest, mournful eyes.

"Reminds him of somebody he knows, I suppose," whispered Ralph to Helen.

The stranger rose as Ralph approached, and seemed about to turn away. Then, changing his mind, he said, in an agitated voice:

"A charming face, sir. I haven't a catalogue. I wish I knew the lady's name."

"I can tell you," said Ralph. "Miss Helen Dene, sir."

An exclamation from the stranger startled him.

"I was sure of it! Oh, Helen, Helen! Helen Dene still? Not married!"

Ralph glanced at his sister, and her evident agitation bewildered him. The gentleman addressed him again.

"Pardon me, sir—I surprise you, I know; but the sight of that face! Young man, I loved her years ago—have never ceased to love her! I have sought for her everywhere in vain. Help me to find her, and my deathless gratitude shall be yours!"

Before Ralph could reply, there was a little sound behind them, the sound of a stifled cry—a fall.

The stranger darted forward.

"Helen!" he cried. "It is Helen herself!" He lifted her in his arms before Ralph could interfere. "Helen, my darling, have I found you at last?"

She opened her great dark eyes and fixed them on her lover's. She read his penitence, his pain, and nestled to his bosom with a sob of joy.

"Forgive me!" he whispered, tenderly.

Soft and thrilling came the gentle answer.

"I had forgiven you long ago!"

"And Miss Burrows?" asked Ralph, when the story had been told him, and they sat together discussing their new happiness. "Pray, what became of her?"

The old wound, almost healed now, thrilled faintly in Helen's heart, and even Leton's smile was somewhat grave.

"She is a wealthy widow," he answered, "and gave me some flattering marks of favor only a few days ago. As great a coquette as ever, I suspect; but let us not speak of her. To her I owe the suffering of the last three years—to her and to my own weakness. I am wiser now. I know my own heart at last. Long ago I found out who was my true love. Yes, Helen, before you had gone from my sight I mourned the madness that had lost you! But I have found you again, to part no more, beloved."

"No more till death!" she whispered.

THE BLACK TRACKERS.

THE colony of Queensland, though one of the most recently established, possesses one of the largest territories in Australia over the unsettled part of which roam the aborigines. They are among the lowest of mankind in mental capacity and in physical formation. Very little effort has been made to civilize them, because experience has shown that they are almost incapable of living a civilized life. They wander in small tribes, subsisting on roots. Their weapons are the spear, the boomerang, and the nullah nullah. The wealthy squatter, (the term squatter in Australia is a title of honor and distinction), moving into the interior of the country, pastures his sheep and cattle upon the land, and now and then some wandering blacks take what they want. In the northern parts of the colony the blacks capture, kill, and eat human beings. Gold mining is carried on here extensively, and there are thousands of Chinese engaged in the work. These go out in small parties to work or travel to and from the alluvial diggings, and are often speared and eaten by the natives, who prefer a Chinaman to a white man.

Whites occasionally perpetrate serious offences, and, to escape punishment, fly to the unexplored tracts that lie beyond the settled districts. To capture offending blacks or escaping whites the Queensland Government established the native police force, or Black Trackers, as they are more generally termed. They are selected from tribes as far away as possible from the region in which they are designed for work, taken to a police station in some small town, and taught to ride and to handle a revolver. When there is any need for their services they are drafted to the place at once. They are employed to track white men who have lost their way or who are attempting to escape from justice. Many a horse thief and murderer has been brought to the bar of justice by their efforts, and hundreds of lives have been saved by their persevering search; for "lost in the bush" is an Australian phrase, almost synonymous with a horrible death by thirst and starvation.

There is another work performed by the Black Tracker, and one in which he is continually engaged. Australian journals frequently contain items to the effect that some officer went out with a party of native police and dispersed a mob of blacks. To one who does not understand the peculiarities of the Queensland police, this item is unintelligible; it simply means that the black butchers murdered every man, woman, and child they could find. "To disperse" means to massacre. It is not very long since some cattle were stolen from a station about 200 miles from Bowen, and about sixty aboriginals; men, women, and children, were all butchered by these black fiends, because they were in the neighborhood. Three Chinese, on their way to the diggings, were speared and eaten by the blacks, and several days afterward about twenty natives were slaughtered by the black troopers. When a little girl was killed and eaten, the natives fell like leaves in autumn.

The black trooper detests his less fortunate brothers of the wilderness, and shows no mercy. He pursues them day after day for hundreds of miles, and shoots them down, one and all. Their aim is to punish the perpetrators of crime, but they combine the powers of judge, jury, and executioner. The white men who lead them are frequently as bloodthirsty as themselves, and often excel them in acts of wanton cruelty, as will be seen from the following account of the destruction of natives, which appeared in a late number of the *Queensland Patriot*:

"One native police officer, no longer in the service, had a mob of blacks driven into a water hole. His troopers had the water surrounded, and there was no escape for the miserable blacks. One by one the despairing wretches were shot as they rose to the surface to breathe. The officer stood by, and at last felt that he would like to take a personal share in the work. Stripping to his shirt, and with a tomahawk in his belt, he entered the water, and with demonstrations of peace induced one of the wretches to approach. When the black was near enough the white savage buried his tomahawk in his victim's brain."

The water holes here spoken of are places where the natives go to quench their thirst. They are often constructed by the owners of large estates, but are more frequently the work of nature. The Black Trackers know these places well, and they also know that the natives must come to them for water. They frequently wait about these water holes for days, slaughtering the unsuspecting natives. They very rarely if ever take prisoners.

White men are found who boast of the number of the natives they have killed, and one man near Cape York, has a fence about his premises, every post of which is surmounted by a human skull, which he says represents a native whom he has shot.

Scientific and Useful.

A BOAT THAT WILL NOT SINK.—Trial has recently been made abroad of a ship's boat which, as is said, cannot sink even when full of water. A band of cork is fixed outside from end to end, just below the gunwale, which gives the requisite buoyancy, and then, by means of valves, the water inside can be reduced to the level of the water outside.

IMPROVING THE MICROSCOPE.—By making a miniature of an object, such as a spider line, and examining it with the microscope, an English naturalist has found that objects even as small as the millionth of an inch could be seen, and takes exception to the view generally prevailing among opticians, that it is useless to attempt further perfection of the microscope.

A NEW LOG.—A new log is fitted with electrical apparatus, besides a rotating helix, and is towed by an electric rope. The indications pass along this rope, and are shown on a dial-plate in the captain's cabin, or any other part of the ship. The rate of sailing is thus made known instantaneously, and with an approach to accuracy never before attained; and the rate of flow of streams and currents can be ascertained by the same instrument.

ANTIDOTE TO ARSENIC.—An eminent doctor says the following formula is one not generally known as an antidote to arsenic, and claims for it precedence over all others; first because it forms the surest antidote, and second, because the ingredients are always readily accessible, even to the country physician who carries saddle bags: Tincture of chloride of iron, one drachm; bicarbonate of soda (or potash), one drachm; tepid water a teacupful. Mix. Give this mixture ad libitum. It is a perfect antidote to arsenic.

CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPHY.—There are some very ingenious and curious applications of selenium, in which its peculiar property of changing its electrical conductivity when exposed to light varying in intensity is utilized. The most curious of these, perhaps is the selenium camera obscura, which is capable of transmitting telegraphically an image of any object and making a permanent impression of it at a distant point. In this case a person may sit before the camera in New York while his photograph is made in Boston.

SUN-SPOTS AND CLIMATE.—The question of the effect of sun-spots on climate has been often discussed, but so many considerations are involved therein that many years must pass before it will be settled. It is however the more general belief that sun spots do exercise a direct and real influence on terrestrial climates, by decreasing the mean temperature of this planet at their maximum. This decrease is, however, so minute, that it is doubtful whether it has been directly observed or discriminated from other changes. The whole effect is represented by a change in the mean temperature of our globe in eleven years not exceeding three-tenths, and not less than one twentieth of one degree of the Centigrade thermometer.

A NEW REMEDY FOR NEURALGIA.—The Paris correspondent of a leading Boston paper referring to his recovery from a dangerous case of neuralgia, says: I mention this illness, that I may tell you how easily I was cured. I was bent double. I could not breathe. My physician ordered me to take a flat-iron and heat it as hot as I could bear, put a double fold of flannel on the painful part, and move the iron to and fro on the flannel. I was cured by enchantment. My doctor told me that some time since a professor in one of our colleges, after suffering some days with neuralgia in the head, which he himself had tried to cure, sent for the former, who prescribed a hot flat-iron. The next time the doctor saw the professor the latter exclaimed "I had no sooner applied the heated iron to my head than instantly all pain had vanished."

Farm and Garden.

PROPORTION OF BUTTER AND CHEESE.—It is well for the dairyman to remember these proportions: A quart of average milk which has a specific gravity of 1030 at 60 degrees Fahrenheit, weighs 2.15 pounds. One hundred quarts of milk are equal to nine pounds of butter, or 21 1-2 pounds of cheese.

GRASS LANDS AND BONE MANURE.—The English dairy farmers get immense returns from their grass lands by a free use of bone manure. One Cheshire farmer says that by this he can feed forty cows from land that formerly gave him product sufficient to feed only twenty. The English farmers believe in "boning" the grass land especially.

WAGES OF FARM LABOR.—During the thirteenth century the wages of farm hands in England was fifty cents per week. In the next century they had advanced fifteen cents, and continued to advance slowly until in the last century they had reached $1.87. The average for farm labor in the same countries now is $3.80 per week. Wheat in the thirteenth century averaged 71 cents, or 3 1-2 days' labor a bushel. Now wheat is worth at wholesale in England about $1.46 a bushel, or 2 1-2 days' labor. In six centuries meat has nearly trebled in price, while wages have increased more than sevenfold.

A GOOD LAWN.—No greater fallacy exists than the idea that spading is better than plowing of an equal depth. No tilth can be better than that given by the plow, followed by frequent and continual applications of the harrow. Leveling with the spade can then be executed in the most perfect manner, and the finishing touch can be given by a light cross-plowing and harrowing. Seed should be always liberally applied; and, instead of the various lawn-grass mixtures, we believe in the use of simple red-top seed, together with a very little white clover; and when it is thus applied (during quiet hours of the day that it may fall evenly), two or three years should suffice to grow a thick, velvety turf.

ABOUT SHYING HORSES.—There never was a shying horse that was not near-sighted. Such horses do not see the object until getting on to it. Nothing will break the horse of the habit unless the blinders are discarded and an open head-stall used. Treat the horse kindly. Never whip him, but try to coax him up to the object, that he may smell of it. One of the worst shyers was broken by leading, riding and driving in a meadow where stones, stumps, boxes and buffalo skins were placed in different positions every day, the horse being led up to them and allowed to eat a few oats off the object. Let any one examine a well-behaved horse's eye, and then a 'shyer's' eye, and note the difference. Be kind and gentle to a shyer.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 21, 1879.

LIFE'S MASQUERADE.

IN this masquerade of life who is there that appears undisguised? Not one. Go where we will, we find tragedy weeping behind the grinning face of comedy, and comedy smiling behind that of tragedy. We all wear our masks from the cradle to the grave. The merchant whose embarrassments are staring him in the face must put on his most cheerful guise as he closes his bankrupt ledger and goes home, for the wife must not suspect the ruin that is so imminent. It is time enough when it comes, he thinks, and one is enough to suffer, so the mask of gayety must hide the crowsfeet of anxiety and despair. And she, as the sound of his well known footsteps reaches her ear, quickly wipes away the lingering tear, the annoyance of household duties, and wreathes herself with smiles to meet her lord, for he must never know her little troubles. Mayhap, when too late, she finds she has made an ill-assorted match. It cannot be remedied, and she greets him happily, and determines not to ruin his peace by the knowledge of what is inevitable. So it goes on through every grade, until we reach the tomb, that marble mask which shall cling to us until the last trumpet rends it asunder.

SOMEBODY says, "half the troubles of life are born of trifles." Somebody is not far wrong. Man is so fearfully and wonderfully made that he bears great evils with more equanimity than what are called little annoyances. If Benedick loses the wife of his bosom, the odds are that he bears the dispensation like a Christian; but if he mislays his latch-key, he too frequently swears like a heretic. An individual capable of burying his grandmother without a groan, has been known to manifest a remarkable degree of feeling at the absence of a shirt-button. The mysterious disappearance of small, inanimate objects, frequently gives rise to the most lively concern. Strong-minded ladies, who would scorn to show undue excitement amid the convulsions of an earthquake, have been heard to use intemperate expressions when they could not find their thimbles or their scissors. There are dozens of articles in common use which have a villainously provoking trick of concealing themselves at the very moment when they are most needed, that might well disturb the moral equilibrium of a saint. Almost any of us can brace ourselves up to encounter with fortitude the great difficulties of life; it is the little ones that upset us. He who can bear both without wincing or ill-temper, is not only a hero to the world at large, but even to his family.

IT should be our early lesson to subject the passions, appetites, and desires to the control and guidance of reason. The former are the gales to impel us in the voyage of life, but the latter ought still to sit at the helm and direct our course. The stream, when it slowly descends with a hoarse murmur from the mountain and ripples through the plain, adorns and enriches the scene; but when it rushes down in a roaring and impetuous torrent, overflowing its banks, it carries devastation and ruin along with it; so, when the passions, appetites, and desires are kept under due restraint, they are a useful and felicitating part of our nature; but when they are allowed to rage with unbridled fury, they commit fearful ravages on the character which they were fitted to adorn and exalt. We must watch over the first movements of the heart, and not indulge, with complacency, in imaginations which we should be ashamed to avow. If we wish the stream of life to be pure, it ought to be our aim to preserve the fountain whence it flows unpolluted. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

NEXT week we will begin a new story of thrilling interest by the author of "Weaker than a Woman" "Ines" "From Gloom to Sunlight" etc., Entitled "WON AT LAST; OR LOVE'S STRATEGY." It is one of the most deeply absorbing serials this talented writer has yet written.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE British Government has completed an apparatus for inflating and manipulating military balloons on shipboard, or in the field. It consists essentially of a portable tank weighing 400 pounds, which contains iron shavings, and of a boiler and furnace. The gas (hydrogen) is generated by passing steam through the iron turnings. Zululand is to have the benefit of the practical test of the contrivance when the experimental trials are completed.

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M. MIGNOT, of Paris, is of the opinion that the visits of the phylloxera are occasioned by a morbid condition of the vine itself, and that the degrees of its decay alone determine the multiplication of the insects, precisely in the same manner that worms are born from and nourished by the decomposition of dead flesh. To escape phylloxera, therefore, M. Mignot says that the vine must be nourished, not with azoteous food, but with potash and soluble silicates. He therefore proposes that a silico potassic powder shall be applied to diseased vines. The preparation would cost a mere trifle.

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SINCE the extensive prevalence of color blindness is a fact so well established it is scarcely possible that in the multitude of men employed by any great railroad company there should not be many the worse for this defect; and where there is one in the position of an engineer an accident is at any time possible where the signals are significant only in virtue of color. It is an important addition, therefore, to public security to have the signal indications turn on some other point than that of color; and we are pleased to know that this is actually done on the road where an accident would be worse for city homes than any other road in the world. How many other countries have showed this consideration for public welfare?

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THE various wedding anniversaries, as celebrated of late years, are as follows: That at the expiration of the first year is called the cotton wedding; two years, paper; three years, leather or straw; five years, wooden; seven years, woollen; ten years, tin, twelve years, silk and fine linen; fifteen years, crystal; twenty years, china; twenty-five years, silver; thirty years, pearl; forty years, ruby; fifty years, garnet; seventy years, golden; seventy five years, diamond. These celebrations are usually originated and managed by the friends of the couple interested, for obvious reasons, and the presents must be of the material which conforms to the name of the anniversary. With the exception of the silver and gold weddings, and occasionally the wooden and tin, these anniversaries are seldom celebrated.

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THE Emperor of Austria has just been presented with a remarkable suit of clothes. The wool from which the garments were made was upon the sheep's back eleven hours before the suit was completed. At 6 08 in the morning the sheep was sheared; at 6 11 the wool was washed, at 6 37 dyed; at 6 50 picked; at 7 34 the last carding process was finished; at 8 it was spun; at 9 15 spooled; at 8 37 the warp was in the loom; at 8 43 the shuttles were ready; at 11 10 seven and three quarters yards of cloth were completed; at 12.03 the cloth was fulled; at 12 14 wasted; at 12 17 sprinkled; at 12 31 dried; at 12.45 sheared; at 1.07 napped; at 2 10 brushed, and at 1 15 pressed and ready for the shears and needle. At 5 o'clock the suit, consisting of a hunting-jacket, waistcoat and pantaloons, was finished.

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A fire extinguishing agent which, it is claimed, can be brought into general use, is crude ammonia water, or gas-liquor as it is called. Some years ago Mr. Watson Smith discovered that this liquid acted like a charm in extinguishing fire in a tar distillery. He now recommends that owners of cotton mills and of tar works should have on their premises a stock of this gas liquor, stored in a tank, mounted upon brick high enough for a jet service in case of fire. It may be readily imagined how a jet of the liquor thrown into a burning room would act, the space being so enclosed, when the action is so powerful in a comparatively open space, and with such a refractory substance as burning pitch. It would seem that the extinguishing power of the liquor would be even further called forth by a more intensely hot fire.

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THE Harvard Medical School was offerred last year by a lady a sum of money, provided women should be admitted on equal terms with men to that school. The matter was referred to a committee, and two reports on the subject have just been made. The majority report, to which was attached the name of President Eliot, recommends that women be admitted to the school as an experiment for a period of ten years, the two sexes to be separated for personal instruction in laboratories, for recitations, and on a few subjects specially concerned with the medical attendance of women. The minority report by Dr. Russell opposed the admission of women to the school, but recommended the establishment of a separate medical school for them, possibly under the protection of the University, and giving particular attention to those branches most important to be studied by them. The overseers concluded that they could not accept the offer of money under the condition imposed.

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LET life tend ever so steadily upward in its moral and spiritual aspects, and intellectual labor be ever so strenuously directed toward higher and higher levels of attainment, still there will be in the outward life pauses from all activity, and welcome and gentle relaxations of effort, when our wisdom is to sit still and receive the riches which flow into our souls from above. Hard work is no doubt a cure for many evils, and the taste for it a most excellent one to acquire if we can; but not to be able to abstain from it for a time, not to leave any idea of enjoyment without it, is a miserable slavery and blindness. The most exquisite pleasure which we ever take in the work of our own hands or brains is probably derived from some rapid achievement wrought without conscious effort in some direction in which we have lately been working hard. Such moments are like those in which, after a long, steep climb in the shadow up the jutting shoulder of a mountain, we suddenly turn a corner and find ourselves face to face with the whole expanse of the western heavens.

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IT is scarcely twenty years ago since Japanese art was first recognized by England. In 1858 the first lacquer work and china jars were brought over by the Calcutta. Such wares as these were not valued at the beginning, and for some time the term Japanese, as applied to pictorial art, was one of ridicule, our ideas with regard to it being derived from figure and landscape painting. Then there came the "rage" for everything of the kind; people tried to blind themselves to all defects, and admired any object called Japanese, as they do all those called Queen Anne, because it is the fashion. Some ladies even prided themselves on having rather a Japanese appearance, and adapting their hair and dress accordingly. The "rage" is cooling down, but our shops and cabinets are full of Japanese articles; the public cannot discriminate between what is beautiful and what is ludicrous and unnatural. We are called upon to admire wry faced women and swollen old men, to go into ecstasies over rows of little "netsukes," wonderfully carved, indeed, and in some instances of mythological and historical interest, but hardly worthy of being treated and talked of as if they were the works of a Greek sculptor.

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THE *British-American Journal* has the following in connection with the dread disease, hydrophobia: "Dr. Grzyvala, of Krevoe Ozeroe, Podolia, for whose trustworthiness Professor Gubles, of Paris, vouches, declares that aftee a series of crucial trials, which he describes at length, he has found that, after having had opportunities of treating at least one hundred cases of men bitten by rabid dogs, with the *Xanthium Spinosum*, he has never in any of these cases failed to ward off hydrophobia. He gives some startling examples. During the Crimean war a family of twelve persons had been bitten by a hydrophobic wolf. Six of them entered the wards in the hospital of Olschanka, government of Pedolia, district of Balta. They were treated with infusions of the leaves of xanthium, and all recovered. The other six, who were treated by the actual cautery and the daily use of genesta tinctoria and other drugs, died of hydrophobia in the course of twelve to sixty days. He recounts many other facts not less striking. For an adult the dose is sixty centigrammes of the dry powder, repeated three times a day, and continued during six weeks. Children under twelve take half that quantity. The dose for animals is much larger. A herd of thirty oxen had been bitten by a mad wolf; eight had succumbed with symptoms of hydrophobia. The Commissary of Police came to Dr. Grzyvala for his 'antirabic powder.' He gave three ounces of the powder, with bran, daily to each of the remaining animals; none of them suffered from the disease. These are examples of which Dr. Grzyvala says he has a hundred others."

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THE speech of Herr Delbruck in the German Parliament, upon the question of chignons, has once more attracted attention to those ornamental, but far from useful, appendages. Although the mania for wearing them is now much weakened, if it is not already superceded, in England, it appears to exist still in all its vigor in some other parts of the world. The idea of laying a tax upon this habit is far from new, and has already been utilized by others of the continental Governments with the happiest results, not only from a financial, but also from what Herr Delbruck describes as an "esthetic" point of view. The chignon, properly so called, consists, as everybody ought to know, only of that part of a woman's hair which is collected in a mass behind the *chainon*, from which it derives its name. *Chainon*, in its original signification, means a link; but it is applied by anatomists to the upper joints of the vertebræ of the neck. It is in this case that the word was long ago used by Voltaire, and continued to be accepted by the learned in hair-dressing, until, a few years ago, some one's misplaced ingenuity introduced the wearing of false chignons. The ladies of the Old World were content with adorning themselves with hair that was at least real in one sense, inasmuch as it had once been naturally grown on the human head. America has the credit of inventing chignons more completely deserving the name of false, as belonging to the vegetable, and not the animal world. The soap-root, elegantly made up into chignons in the shops and factories of California, has achieved a grand success, both in the United States, and, to some extent, as a French paper declares, in Ireland; and the only drawback to its use seems to be that the ladies who wear it have been a little afraid of standing near horses ever since one of them found an ungallant steed in the act of devouring her back hair in the street. A lady might now be very legitimately afraid of losing her bonnet in this way, but it would require a very good appetite on the part of any animal to induce him to swallow a chignon of the old type.

A SUMMER SONG.

BY H. C. H.

The shade of the willow secluded and cool
Hangs tremulous over the mossy-bound pool,
The bank is a pillow of daintiest green,
The flowers the rarest that ever were seen,
The woodlands with voices of melody swell;
Come listen, the winds have a story to tell.

Away in the forest I know a retreat,
Enveloped in shadows, a moss covered seat,
Where lovers may linger and list to the tale
Of the wandering winds as they moan through the vale,
Sweet echo will answer each whisper as well;
Come listen, the winds have a story to tell.

The story is older and sweeter to hear
Than any ere told to a listening ear,
And if you will wander I'll tell it to you,
In words full of rapture, so earnest and true,
Your heart unto mine will seem bound by a spell;
Come listen, the winds have a story to tell.

The Dean's Daughter.

BY A. K.

THE half-hour had just chimed from the Cathedral spire, and the bells were softly ringing for even song. The Dean stopped in his hurried walk across the close to shake hands with Robert Armain, the richest and handsomest man in Dodington.

"I wan't to speak to you, Bob, after service. Go in; the girls will entertain you."

Mr. Armain stopped at the Deanery gate and looked back over the quiet close.

"I'll ask Clara to night. By Jove, I shouldn't like to be refused by that cold stately woman! I don't think she would, but I'll ask Clara."

The Dean's daughter and niece were together in the drawing-room when Mr. Armain was announced.

"*Bon soir* young ladies I am your prisoner till the Dean returns."

"A willing one?" said the Dean's niece.

"Such captivity is better than freedom, Miss Margaret How does the tatting get on, Clara? Still at it?"

"Yes," she answered, lifting her head for a moment, with a smile that made her dark earnest face almost beautiful.

"Don't smile so brightly, Clara. I have some sad news to tell you. John Morrison's regiment is ordered to India. He leaves Dodington to morrow."

"Why do you call it sad? Jack is glad to go. Who but cowards would wish their swords to lie idle now? I should rejoice, if I were a man, to be able to help our poor country people in India," exclaimed Clara, her dark eyes lighting up with the passionate fire of her nature.

Mr. Armain shrugged his shoulders.

"I won't pretend to judge Morrison's feelings as well as you, Clara. He did not look very delighted though at the prospect of falling a victim to some Sepoy's knife. We all would wish the poor thing saved, but few care to be the sacrifice to redeem them."

Clara rose impatiently, throwing down her work.

"I am going into the garden. Flowers are better company than you this evening, Mr. Armain."

"Poor Clara!" he said softly, as she left the room.

"Why 'poor Clara?'" asked her cousin in her calm clear voice. She looked at him steadily, without a shadow of pain on the proud beauty of her face, though her heart was beating wildly with its grief.

"Can't you guess, Miss Margaret?"

"I think you have offended her, Mr. Armain. You had better go and make your peace," she answered coldly.

"That's easily made. Clara and I have always been good friends since I came to Dodington."

He left the room and went out into the sunny garden.

"Won't you leave the flowers and me to talk to each other?" Clara asked as he joined her.

"I want to talk to you, can you listen, Clara? It is about myself."

"Well?"

He hesitated a moment.

"It is terribly lonely at the Court, Clara, it wants a mistress."

She lifted her beautiful eyes to his, with a sudden light in them. Did he read the secret they revealed? He did, with sudden surprise and dismay, but he went on.

"I don't love your cousin much, Clara, but she is fit mistress for my fair ancestral home The Armains have always married such beautiful, stately women to reign at the Court."

"Indeed! But why do you tell me this?" said Clara, speaking with her burning, tearless eyes upon the flowers.

"Won't you answer me as a sister, Clara? Do you think she would be my wife?"

"I don't know. Why do you trouble me with such questions, Robert? Ask Margaret herself."

"But, Clara——"

"For pity's sake go away! I will not listen." She turned away bravely, struggling with her emotion.

"Clara dear," Robert said, gently laying his hand upon her arm, "a woman's pride should be stronger than her love Don't reveal that you care for any one before he asks to know."

They were cruel words, but they brought back Clara's calmness.

"Thank you, Robert; when I do care for any one, I will remember your advice."

He left her without speaking again, and went back into the drawing-room. Miss Temple was standing at the window, the evening light falling brightly on her fair face and stately figure.

"A lovely evening," remarked Robert pleasantly.

"It is. Where is Clara, Mr. Armain?"

"She will not leave her flowers. Miss Margaret, shall I tell you why I came to the Deanery to-night?"

"If you please."

"I came to ask you to be my wife. I cannot woo as some men, Miss Margaret. Give me a plain answer to my plain question."

She turned calmly towards him.

"I do not care for you, Mr. Armain. But there were no words of love in your question; there shall be none in my answer. I will marry you."

"Not loving me, Margaret?"

"You did not ask for love; I have none to give you. If I become your wife, Mr. Armain, I shall marry you for wealth and position. You have my answer."

She spoke without a flush on her face or a quiver in her voice.

"Few women would be so candid, Miss Margaret. Why do you not care for me?"

"Love cannot be gained without being given, Mr. Armain. You care only for my beauty; you don't love me—you don't understand me."

"It's a fair bargain—your beauty for my riches," said Mr Armain a little bitterly.

"A fair bargain," she repeated, and for an instant she laid her cold white hand in his.

It sent a chill through Robert Armain's veins, and Clara's brown eyes seemed to be looking at him again in mute reproachful love.

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"Not one word, Margaret, that I may remember till we meet again on earth or in heaven?"

They were standing in the garden among the flowers, Lieutenant Morrison and Margaret Temple, the latter no longer calm and cold, but flushed and trembling, her eyes dim with tears.

"I am not worthy of your love, John," she answered; "I have sold myself for wealth. I am engaged to Robert Armain."

"Margaret, Margaret!"

"It is true; I shall be the mistress of the Court. Jack, I could never have been your wife; I could never marry a poor man."

"And you say you love me, Margaret! False—cruel!"

"I do—I do! Heaven help me! I cannot give my love to Robert Armain. It is all yours."

"Margaret, one moment before you go. We may never meet again—I trust we never shall."

She paused silently. For a moment they looked at each other; then, suddenly breaking down, the young man hid his face in his hands, sobbing out:

"Oh, Maggie, Maggie! And I loved you so dearly!"

"Jack, don't, for Heaven's sake! The Dean is coming!" she exclaimed, glancing up the path.

"You leave us to morrow then, my boy?" said the Dean as he drew near.

"Yes, sir—I have come to say good-bye."

"Clara is in the drawing room. Come in."

"I will say good-bye now, Mr. Morrison," said Margaret calmly.

The Dean's grave eyes were on them. They shook hand and parted.

* * * * *

Summer was casting down her crown of flowers, reapers were busy in the harvest-fields, and Robert Armain's wedding-day was drawing near. The sunny days that had ripened the fruits of the earth had taught Robert Armain what a terrible mistake he had made. The love he had scorned was more precious to him now than all the world beside, and he was plighted to Margaret. A few weeks before his marriage he was in the drawing-room with the two girls. Miss Temple was playing; her lover stood beside the piano, but his eyes were on Clara's face. The Dean's daughter was standing at the window, looking across the close with eyes that drooped a little beneath their lids.

"How do you like this new waltz?" asked Margaret.

"Very pretty," he answered absently. She looked up at him.

"Ah, you are not listening—and Clara is in one of her day-dreams! I don't care to play to myself;" and Miss Temple rose and shut the piano in lofty displeasure.

Mr. Armain made no attempt to conciliate her; he turned away carelessly without a word, and crossed the room to Clara's side.

"Do play that waltz again—it was beautiful, Maggie," she said, turning to Miss Temple.

"I am tired of playing, dear—I want to write some letters," she returned coldly as she left the room.

Clara left the window, and took up her work.

"Maggie is looking very thin and pale," she said. "Going abroad will do her good."

Robert Armain paced the room without speaking. Clara's dark brown eyes were driving all thoughts of honor from his heart. Clara went on steadily with her work, and for a while neither spoke. Suddenly he stopped before her, his handsome face pale with emotion.

"Clara, I did not think you would have spoken so calmly of my marriage."

She rose, flushing indignantly.

"Mr. Armain!"

"I know you love me. Clara, I knew it that night I asked your cousin to be my wife. Fool that I was! Don't let my mistake ruin both our lives."

"What do you mean?" she asked haughtily.

"Clara, I love you! For Heaven's sake be merciful! Say but one word, and you are mine for ever."

She looked at him coldly, scornfully.

"I loved you once, Mr. Armain; but then I thought you an honorable man who would hold his plighted word sacred. Loose my hand, please."

"It is your pride that speaks, Clara; I know you love me. Let your love plead for me," he answered passionately.

"Love you, Robert Armain! I utterly despise you!" She snatched her hand away, and haughtily left the room, giving no heed to his pleading words.

"Clara, listen one moment!"

She dared not remain. Her pride, her keen sense of honor, her strong will, could not destroy her love; it was pleading wildly for Robert Armain as he spoke. In a moment more she would have been clasped in his arms, happiness gained and honor lost.

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Robert Armain spoke truly when he told Clara that her cousin was a fit mistress for his fair ancestral home. As lady of the Court she performed her duty well, and Armain might well have been proud of the stately woman who ruled his household and bore his name—his wife in all but the love that is the truest tie between man and woman. Bound together by vows exchanged before God's altar, they were farther apart in heart than before their wedding-day.

They sat together in the pleasant breakfast-room of the Court on the first anniversary of their wedding day, lingering over their letters. Mr. Armain's coffee was untouched; he had pushed his plate back to rest his head upon his hands, while he read the letter before him. It was from the Dean. He had been abroad with his daughter during most of the past year; now they were come home.

"Clara is almost herself again," wrote the Dean; "with tender care I trust she will quite recover health. She is so like her mother that it makes me tremble."

"So the Dean is come home," Mrs. Armain remarked, laying down the letter she had received from Clara.

"Yes," her husband answered.

"Clara seems very home sick," his wife went on. "Dear child, I long to see her again."

"What did her mother die of?" asked Mr. Armain, without raising his eyes.

"Of decline when she was very young. The Dean almost broke his heart, I have heard my mother say."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Armain. He folded the letter and put it into his pocket. "Are you going to use the carriage to day, Margaret?"

"Yes, I am going to Dodington. We have promised to be at Aversley this evening."

"I shall be ready to accompany you. Good morning."

"Good morning," she answered, as she would have returned the salutation of a stranger.

Her husband left the room, and Margaret took up the morning paper, turning by the force of habit to the Army news. But the interest it had had for her was gone. John Morrison was in England; his spurs had been bravely won in India, but he has returned unscathed from his search for death. He was in England—in Dodington—though Margaret did not meet him till that afternoon. She was paying a call at an old friend's house when he was announced.

Captain Morrison! The title was not stranger to Margaret than the familiar face so strangely aged and worn. No longer the chivalrous lad that had won her love, but a stern, strong-willed man who held her heart in his keeping clasped the trembling hand she held out, and looked into her face with deep, sad eyes, so changed, yet with the same power to thrill her heart as of old. Nothing but the merest formalities passed between them, and, with a terrible dread weighing her spirits down, Margaret took her leave a few moments after his entrance. She has sold herself for wealth. Now, with bitter remorse that was worse than vain, she was beginning to count the cost, to see what a terrible bargain she had made.

The next day was wet and stormy. Margaret sat at the piano, playing a melody that sounded like a accompaniment to the sobbing of the wind through the rain. Her husband stood at the window, looking dismally out upon the lawn, where sodden leaves were driven to and fro and the great trees wailing above their dead children.

"Margaret!"

"Well, Robert" The music died away in a long mournful chord.

"How horribly lonely it is! We must fill the Court with company this autumn. A few of these days spent in doors would drive me mad."

"Why don't you go out? You can take the close carriage, you know," she answered satirically.

"Better do that than listen to the ghostly tunes you get out of the piano—they make my flesh creep. For mercy's sake don't play any more! I say we must fill the house with company."

"As you please," his wife returned, closing the piano and taking up a book. Her calm face irritated him

"I do please, then. One might as well have a statue in the house as you, Margaret. Can't you have pity on a fellow, and talk a little?"

She laid aside her book.

"What do you wish me to say?"

He paced the room before he spoke again.

"I should like the Dean and Clara and Jack Morrison to spend a week or two here. Is there any one you would like to invite besides?

"No—but, Robert, don't invite Captain Morrison."

"Why? I wish him to come."

"I don't wish him to do so—I would much rather he did not indeed."

"Just because I like him, because his company would cheer me up a little! I know you too well, Mrs. Armain."

Margaret was deadly white—her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Robert, I beg of you not to ask him here."

"I tell you I shall. It is utter nonsense. I shall ask him to-morrow. Have you the same objections to your uncle and cousin, pray?"

"If I am to receive all the visitors you choose to name, it is useless asking my opinion," she answered, taking up her book again and leaving the room.

Robert Armain strode out into the rain, not caring whither he went. Of all spots on earth home was most hateful to him. He almost loathed the cold stately woman he had made his wife. He married for beauty; and now he to in bitterness of soul was beginning to count the cost.

* * * * *

"Won't you come Clara? Robert wishes it very much—and I need not say how glad I shall be to have you with me."

So spoke Mrs. Armain. She was standing by the fire in the Deanery drawing room, her stately figure, in its sweeping silken robes, forming a strong contrast to the Dean's daughter. Clara was leaning back in her easy-chair, weary with the joy of coming home again. She was changed—greatly changed. All the fire of love and hope had left her face. A sorrow-stricken woman she looked, save when she smiled the same sweet smile of old. That was unchanged. Sin alone can take away the beauty of a smile.

"You won't come then, dear?"

"No, Maggie. Don't ask me to leave my dear old home again. I feel better here—and—and—I'm not strong, Maggie."

Mrs. Armain did not answer. Her delicate hands were twisting nervously in each other, and her dark eyes had a troubled look in them.

"Don't be vexed, dear," Clara went on. "You know papa could not leave his work—I know he would not."

"Why not say at once that you do not care to come?" said Mrs. Armain bitterly. "You are quite right. The Court is only a great state-house, not a home—not a home, Clara. Stay in your own warm nest, birdie. Good bye."

"Don't leave me Maggie, so coldly. I would come if I could. Don't be angry dear"

"Angry with you, my innocent, pure-minded darling! If I had not married for money, you would come perhaps: but a curse is resting on me. Who shall tell when it will end?" And, without waiting for an answer to her wild words, she kissed her cousin and left the room.

It was more than three weeks later before Clara heard anything of the doings at the Court. One morning Robert Armain called. He was going to London by the noon express to stay a few days on business.

"I am obliged to leave Margaret to entertain the visitors alone. I wish you could have come, Clara."

"Have you much company at the Court?"

"A couple of my old aunts, a distant cousin and his family, and Captain Morrison. I thought the Court was dull before, but it's worse than ever now. Every one makes it the aim of his or her life to thwart or annoy everybody else. You can imagine the result."

Clara laughed, and the Dean remarked—

"Your duties as host must be no sinecure, Bob."

"By Jove, no! It's the hardest work I have ever done. Captain Morrison is as bad as any of them. I never saw a man so changed in my life. But I must be off. When are your roses coming back, Clara? Good-bye." He shook hands with them both and hastened away.

Clara had been ordered to take riding exercise. Her father had bought her a beautiful pony, and that afternoon Clara donned her riding-habit and cantered away through Dodington into the quiet lanes. Everything was still and silent under the Autumn sunshine, and Clara rode on with loosened bridle, thinking, not of the past, but of the future—the mysterious future that might so soon lead her into the spirit land. For Clara knew that the danger the doctor feared was not over. Any sudden excitement, a chill, a keen sorrow, might break the silver cord and, like her mother, cut her off in the flower of her youth.

A sharp turn in the road roused her. It curved along a low park paling to join the high road. Clara hesitated. Close to her was a little gate leading into the shadowy leaf strown park. She knew the path well, and, pushing open the gate, cantering on under the great trees towards the house. She was in the grounds of the Court and determined to surprise her cousin. She fastened her horse to the terrace pillar and ran up the steps into the hall. The peace of the autumn afternoon had fallen on the house. Nothing was stirring. Clara went into the drawing room, but the great room was solitary in its splendor, and she was turning away, when a low, stifled sobbing caught her ear. It came from the little inner room. The Dean's daughter crossed to the heavy curtains and softly parted them. Kneeling upon the floor, her proud head buried in her hands, was Margaret Armain. She was trembling with emotion, Clara saw, as she knelt down by her side.

"Maggie, what ails you?"

"Clara!" Her hands dropped from her face, which she vainly strove to bring back to its usual calmness. She rose slowly. "Why have you come here? Who sent you?" she asked fiercely.

"I came to see you. No one sent me. What is it, dear? What sorrow have you which I do not share?"

"Nonsense! I was a little hysterical—that's all, foolish child—grieving because Robert is away," Mrs. Armain returned with a laugh—such a laugh—it made Clara shudder.

"Your face is more truthful than your voice, Maggie. I know you are in trouble—can't I help you to bear it? Don't you remember when we were children?"

"Good Heaven," Mrs Armain exclaimed wildly, "do you wish to drive me mad? I must forget I ever was a child, ever anything but a lost woman—lost, lost for this world and the next! Don't touch my hand—don't come near me, Clara. I sold myself once for wealth, and found my golden servitude was misery; now I sell myself again, body and soul, honor and fair name, for a little happiness. Loose my hand Clara. Get up."

"No, no! Maggie, tell me what I think isn't true. Tell me I'm false to all our old love, to the love I bear you now, to think you would sin so deeply. Maggie, tell me I'm wrong, for Heaven's sake, for your—your angel-mother's sake, for the sake of our happy childhood—tell me it isn't true!"

For one awful moment there was silence in the room where Clara knelt at her cousin's feet. Then Margaret Armain unclasped the hands that clung to her, and answered—

"It is. Get up and go home. You cannot, shall not save me. You will never see me again—never!"

Clara did not rise or speak—a dumb chill of horror had crept over her; her face grew cold and rigid, and with a low cry she fell forward upon the floor, unconscious.

Mrs. Armain lifted her up and laid her upon a couch. As she bent over her in terror, the curtains parted and Captain Morrison entered. A hot flush rose to his face as he recognised Clara. Even her white still face had power to reproach.

"Is she ill? Has she fainted?"

Margaret turned to him. For a moment she could not speak; and never, in all the horrors of India, had Jack seen such agony as was written on her face.

"She is dead, I think," she said, in a strange hard tone. "I have murdered her by telling the truth. It needed only this."

For one moment Captain Morrison bent over Clara.

"Ring for help! I will go for a doctor and the Dean."

He had left the house the next instant, on his way to Dodington.

* * * * *

It was dusk before Jack returned to the Court. In the hall he met the doctor, who answered sadly the young man's questioning look.

"She is dying, Captain Morrison; she has broken a blood-vessel."

"Dying, doctor?"

The answer was interrupted. Mrs. Armain came down the wide stairs to Jack's side.

"She wants you, Doctor, you are not going?"

"I shall stay here to-night," Mrs. Armain," he answered gravely.

She bowed and turned again to Captain Morrison.

"Come." He followed her up the stairs, but at the library door she stopped. "I had nearly forgotten—I must telegraph to Mr. Armain."

Jack watched her while she wrote the few words and gave directions to the servant, in wonder at her calmness.

"You must be very quiet," she said, as she joined him again and led the way. Once more she stopped at the door of the chamber of death. A low voice reached them where they stood, and both bent their heads reverently. The Dean was praying with his daughter.

Something in the old man's voice touched Jack Morrison more than all, and in an agony of remorse and sorrow he knelt down by the chamber door and wept. Margaret looked at him wonderingly but she did not speak. There was a movement in the room. Margaret heard Clara's voice, and she opened the door and entered. The Dean silently clasped Jack's hand, and led him to the bedside.

"She wants to bid you good-bye," the old man faltered.

"I am dying, Jack. Oh, Jack———" She stopped; her eyes spoke the rest—all her fear and sorrowful shame.

He bent over her and kissed her.

"You have saved us, Clara; you have lost your life to save us."

"I am glad," she said faintly. She closed her eyes for a little, and then she spoke again. "Jack, won't you try to be a good man? We were always like brother and sister. Won't you try to meet me in Heaven?"

"I will—I swear it, Clara! Heaven helping me, I will."

Margaret was standing by the bedside. At these words she spoke.

"I cannot promise to be a good woman, but I promise, dear, to be a true and faithful wife."

There were few words after this. Through the evening the three watched in the silent room where death already cast its shadows. Towards midnight another came to join them—Robert Armain. Clara knew him, and called him by his old familiar name.

"You will be kind to Margaret, Robert?"

Those were her last words. As another day was born she died quietly, without a struggle.

* * * * *

Directly after the funeral Captain Morrison left Dodington for India. He had thrown up his commission and accepted an appointment in the City of Palaces.

Many years have passed since then, but Jack has not revisited his native land. He is a rich old bachelor, and many councils are held in Dodington as to who will inherit the money he has to leave.

The gossips talk too of the probable heir of the Court, which has become very much neglected. Mrs Armain has no children—a fact that accounts in many minds for his worn, wretched face and the faded beauty of his haughty wife. Day by day they are counting the cost of marrying without love.

At rest within the quiet cloisters lies the Dean's daughter. After life's fitful fever she sleeps well.

TRAVELLING STONES.—Many of our readers have doubtless heard of the famous travelling stones of Australia. Similar curiosities have recently been found in Nevada, which are described as almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut, and of an irony nature. When distributed about upon the floor, table, or other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin traveling towards a common centre, and there huddle up in a bunch like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone, removed to the distance of three and a half feet, upon being released, at once started off, with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity, to join its fellows; taken away four or five feet it remained motionless. The stones are found in a region that is comparatively level, and is nothing but bare rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins, from a foot to a rod in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be loadstone or magnetic iron ore. "Rolling stones gather no moss."

$12,000 is the largest sum ever found in a single letter at the Dead Letter Office.

By Appearances.

BY A. O. G.

THEY were evidently mother and daughter, the mother large, portly and fine looking; the daughter a slender, bright-faced little thing; and just as evidently people of "position," remarked by all the belongings of wealthy travelers.

"So very warm! Do reach my fan May!" said Mrs. Glenn. "We have a terrible hot day for our ride!"

"But there is such a nice breeze, I think it will be lovely," returned bright-eyed May.

"Oh, you're always contented with everything. Dear me, I hope the train won't be crowded!"

"They are almost that now, mamma. We have the only vacant seats, I believe."

"And I mean to keep them, too," announced Mrs. Glenn.

At that moment spoke a voice at her elbow:

"Is that seat engaged, madam?"

Mrs. Glenn and May both looked up to see a young lady dressed in a plain, untrimmed linen suit, with a brown veil covering her hat entirely, and shading a plain, homely face.

Her speech was that of a well-bred person, but her exceedingly plain attire stamped her in Mrs. Glenn's eyes as "common folks," not worth an effort to be polite.

She turned to the window and settled herself in her place without seeming to hear, but good-natured May spoke at once:

"Mine isn't. You are welcome to share it."

And notwithstanding the decided frown on her lady-mother's face, she tossed her "traps," over on the pile already beside Mrs. Glenn, and smiled a reply to the young stranger's quiet "Thank you," as she sat down, holding the small satchel she carried in her lap.

"It will tire you. There is plenty of room over here with ours," said May reaching out her hand towards the satchel.

The young lady placed it upon the seat herself, saying:

"I was afraid it might trouble you."

"Not at all!" returned May.

But Mrs. Glenn, with a little accent of spite, addressed her daughter:

"May, don't make yourself over-officious. I wonder how far it is to Hamton?"

"Don't the table tell you, mamma?"

"No. Only the larger stations are down. Well," with a sigh and a glance at the intruder, "at least we shall be able to select our own society there."

"Mamma, don't!" pleaded May, in a low tone, flushing at her mother's rudeness.

"I detest these trains, where every rude person who chooses may intrude upon you," went on Mrs. Glenn, coolly.

May knew there was no telling where her mother would stop, once she was on the track, and she noted the flush which overspread the young stranger's face. She quietly changed the subject.

"Do you know Mr. Hamton's family, mamma?"

"Not the children. Not since they were grown, that is. I saw them when they were little."

"If they are like their noble old father, I'm sure I shall like them. I think he is splendid," answered May.

The strange young lady smiled quietly.

Mrs. Glenn answered:

"I daresay they are. Birth and breeding always show, May. I, for one, could never mistake a person of wealth and culture for a common one."

"Is there only one daughter?" asked May.

"Only one at home, the youngest one, Henrietta. And one son, Richard. I consider it very fortunate that Hamton invited us to make this visit May. Richard Hamton will be very wealthy, and if you play your cards well, who knows what you may do in the way of a settlement."

"Now, mamma, if you begin to talk that way I do most solemnly declare I will take the next train that passes us back home, and not go at all!"

Mrs. Glenn knew the girl was capable of keeping her word, if she was pushed too far, so she said no more, but betook herself to the prospect in view from her window.

The ride was a warm one, but May enjoyed it, and in spite of her mamma's frowns, chatted with her seat-mate very sociably.

It was getting sundown when the train stopped at Hamton, and several passengers descended, among them Mrs. Glenn and May.

There was a forlorn looking station, with a dusty little refreshment bar in one corner of a dingy room labeled "Ladies' Room." There were two or three village idlers with hands in their pockets, promenading up and down the platform, and that was all.

"Why, what does this mean?" fretted Mrs. Glenn. "Mr. Hamton wrote he would be certain to have the carriage to meet us."

"Perhaps it will be here yet, mamma," said May. "Suppose you ask one of these men if it has been seen."

"I believe I will."

Mrs. Glenn marched majestically up to one of the men aforesaid, and inquired:

"Can you tell me whether Mr. Hamton's carriage has been at the station to-day?"

"Yes'm—no'm—I don't know—there it are a-comin' now," was the slightly incoherent answer.

Turning in the direction of his extended finger, she saw a handsome carriage rolling rapidly up.

"It is just coming," she announced to May, whose eyes had already informed her of that fact.

They waited upon the dreary platform until it drove up, the driver dismounted.

Then he came up the steps, and addressed Mrs Glenn, touching his hat respectfully.

"Ladies for Mr. Hamton's, madam?"

"Yes. Come, May."

"The carriage is ready, ladies. The spring cart is here already, to take your baggage over. Will I take your tickets?"

Mrs. Glenn gave him the tickets for their trunks, and the ready coachman soon had them piled in the light cart which had followed the carriage.

"Now we are ready," declared Mrs. Glenn.

But the coachman appeared to be looking for someone else.

"Our young Miss Henrietta went up to town yesterday. We expected her back by this train."

"Here I am, Sam!" called a familiar voice from the door of the ladies' room; and the homely young lady in plain linen, who had shared May's seat, came out of her retreat inside, and approached them.

"My goodness!" was Mrs. Glenn's dismayed ejaculation, as she flushed up to the roots of her hair.

But May sprang forward with extended hand.

"What, are you Henrietta Hamton? I am so glad!"

"And you are Miss Glenn! I am glad too!" said the young lady, offering her hand most cordially. "I would have made myself known in the train, but I am always so shy with strangers, and I was not sure who you were till now. Mrs Glenn, I am very glad to welcome you to Hamton. I love your daughter already, and I am sure we shall have a delightful visit! Let us go now; Sam is waiting."

This prompt courtesy, so delicately ignoring her own rude behavior in the train, was a greater rebuke to Mrs. Glenn than any show of anger could have been.

For once her ready tongue was at a loss, and she only followed her young hostess to the carriage, silently and with flushed face.

But Henrietta's kindly spirit soon put her at her ease, except when she remembered her mortifying blunder.

It was a wholesome lesson, however. And the next time Mrs. Glenn meets a lady in the train, whether she is robed like a queen or in plain linen, she will treat her as such, and never judge by appearances.

MARRIAGE IN AUSTRALIA.

IN Australia, as elsewhere, a tie of more or less permanence and acknowledged validity binds men to their partners. Marriage, again, is surrounded, as among civilised people, by laws of "forbidden degrees," which are very curious, very little understood, and which in many ways resemble, while in others they differ from, the laws of other undeveloped peoples. Wives are chiefly obtained by exchange. The dominant male of a group—father, eldest brother or uncle—has the customary right of swapping away the young women of the group in exchange for other young women whom it is lawful for him to marry. It is clear that old men with families have the best chance of getting more wives, while young men with no sisters are likely to remain bachelors.

If this system worked itself out, each tribe would consist of a few overgrown harems and a set of wild bachelors. As it happens, young men and women revolt against the old, and voluntary elopements or marriages by capture are common. The course of true love runs anything but smooth. The lover is exposed to the "ordeal of spears," which are hurled at him by the relatives of the lady. The runaway bride is beaten, perhaps her feet are speared, to prevent her from running away again. If a young pair are courageous and true to each other, however, the sympathy of the group usually comes round to them, and they enter on peaceful married life. It has been said that the old men sometimes give wives to the young, who thus "take stock" as the ancient Irish said, and become, in a way, the vassels of the old fellows. Society in Australia is not sufficiently advanced for it; but, according to some authorities a very Australian state of things prevails in rural Russia.

Liberia, says a commercial report to the Department of State, occupies the natural gateway to the rich lands of the interior of Africa. The Liberians are proud of the richness of their country. The hills are full of minerals and metals; coffee grows naturally, and other agricultural productions find the soil a rich and congenial one.

TENDERNESS.

BY T. V. R.

Not unto every heart is God's good gift
Of all [illegible] we meet
With love in many [illegible]
First to our lips [illegible]
Love comes upon us with resistless power
Of curbless passion, and with headstrong will;
It plays around like April's breeze and shower
Or calmly flows, a rapid stream and still.
It comes with blessedness unto the heart
That welcomes it aright, or— bitter fate!—
It wrings the bosom with so fierce a smart
That love, we cry, is crueller than hate,
And then, ah me, when love has ceased to bless,
Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness!

We long for tenderness like that which hung
About us, lying on our mother's breast;
A selfish feeling, that no pen nor tongue
Can praise aright, since silence sings it best—
A love as far removed from passion's heat
As from the chilliness of its dying fire—
A love to lean on when the failing feet
Begin to totter and the eyes to tire.
In youth's brief heyday hottest love we seek,
The reddest rose we grasp—but when it dies,
God grant that later blossoms, violets meek,
May spring for us beneath life's autumn skies!
God grant some loving one be near to bless
Our weary way with simple tenderness.

The Silver Basket.

BY E. W.

THE Barclays were all on tiptoe to know what sort of a holiday present they could each bestow upon their several friends. There would not have been this difficulty in selecting, had they a full purse from which they could have drawn without stint; but as they were abridged in money resources, and yet felt the weight of an obligation to return favors which had been lavished upon them, herein lay the difficulty of meeting their cases without an appearance of meanness.

We are sorry to say the Barclays belonged to that class who would have been catalogued as "proud and poor," had their friends exactly known their standing; and were it not for the expectancy of receiving a legacy, or, as we should term it, stepping into an old bachelor's silver slippers when he stepped out of them, they must long since have been wearied with false shows and a desire to maintain appearances.

Mr. Barclay had limited his wife and five daughters this year to a small note, and he went so far as to say, when he bestowed it, that "he hoped it would be wisely appropriated, as his income was small, and the demands upon him were large," and this was uttered in so plaintive a tone, that the first impulse was to throw it back, and but for the thought, "I wonder what people would think of us," it would have been done.

When they sallied out, therefore, to select their presents, as their eyes fell upon the glittering show which the jewellers' shops exhibited, and upon the splendid embroidery which was so temptingly shown in every dry goods establishment, all but one of the young ladies could not help but murmur at their inadequate means to procure their wishes. She had more narrowly watched her melancholy brow, of late and it was no disposition to take a single grest from his limited income. She had always felt that Mr. Seymour, the bachelor uncle from whom the legacy was anticipated might not redeem his promise, or he might not die just at the time it would be most convenient for them to appropriate his estate, and so she took no part with her mother and sister in the outlay of the money!

In their perambulations that morning, Mrs. Barclay had found one of the most unique and fanciful silver baskets, which she was certain would be the prettiest wedding present she could make to the rich Miss Goddard, especially as she had received so magnificent a diamond ring from her on the last holiday. It seemed "mean" to give anything which was not worth bestowing, particularly as in this instance there was the double appropriation of a marriage and new year gift to be combined.

But, alas, their means were inadequate to secure the article desired, and yet the more the mother and daughter felt the necessity of obtaining it, the more they resolved in some way to secure it.

But Jane alone objected, affirming that what one could not afford to do, it was never a disgrace to withhold doing. But her entreaties were lost upon those who remembered how lavish a display was made of the gifts bestowed upon the brides of the present day, and to have it proclaimed that "Mrs. Barclay and her daughters gave nothing save a couple of salt-spoons or a cream ladle," when everybody else gave a rich present, why it would mortify them to death—so the silver basket they must have.

But how to get it, was the next question. To ask their father for an additional sum to obtain it, they all shrank from doing, when the lucky thought struck the eldest daughter that by relating the facts just as they were to their uncle Seymour, he would, without doubt, relieve their embarrassment.

Jane, however, pleaded to be exonerated from taking any part in the affair, as she felt it was only maintaining a false appearance, and assuming an air of wealth, when they really needed every dollar they could command to pay their honest debts. But these old fashioned ideas were not concurred in by her ambitious mother and sisters, and Sophronia was deputized to draft the necessary letter to her uncle Seymour.

We may as well promise here, that Mr. Seymour was a man who despised the fashionable glare of society, and based his standard of real worth upon the true and real, rather than the showy and artificial.

He had amassed a princely fortune by long and prosperous trade; he had lived, and would probably die a bachelor, and he had made a will in favor of his only sister, as they had concluded—but being impressed with the fact that living upon this expectancy, would probably be the ruin of his sister and nieces, he resolved deliberately to revoke the instrument, and in a reply to their letter, he embraced the opportunity to inform them of the fact, which he did in the following terms, addressing the document: "To my sister and her four daughters, exclusive of Jane the eldest, to whom I subjoin a short note explanatory of my doings."

"Whereas, with pain and regret I have witnessed much folly, which I am unwilling should be charged to my account in consideration of an expectancy of property which may fall to you by my decease, I beg leave to here state to you that the prerogative of a bachelor is to be odd, although not always uneven. I have, therefore, pondered upon the contents of your last note to me, wherein I plainly see that should I suffer you to go on in the delusion you indulge, the day will not be far distant when the announcement of my death will be to you a most pleasing piece of intelligence, and then should my fortune descend to you, it will only help swell the fashion and folly, fitting neither for usefulness here nor happiness hereafter. I therefore inform you that I have only put in trust for each of your benefit, just enough with economy to keep you from being superciliously proud, and to prevent you from improving the talents which were given you to be called into free exercise. My wealth was secured by industry and a systematic arrangement of all my affairs; I shall not, therefore, consent to have it frittered away in false shows. How absurd is the request that I should aid you in the bestowal of a gift, which would serve to strengthen a false pride, and keep you from laboring in some honest vocation, as I have done, and been signally blessed. I shall not grant the request, because it so militates against all my preconceived ideas of what constitutes respectability, and true worth of character. Any aid I can render to make your industry apparent, or humble a false pride, that accounts honest poverty a disgrace, I will cheerfully give, and with the appropriation, be assured, my dear sister and nieces, I have at heart only your true and lasting good.

G. SEYMOUR.

Enclosed to Jane was the following note:

"MY DEAR NIECE—The noble stand you have taken upon the side of honest industry, and a desire not to become burdensome to others, induces me to say to you that I have secured a comfortable little fortune for you, which only awaits your acceptance, assured as I am, all the surplus interest will be devoted to benevolence and works of mercy. Without restriction I leave it entirely at your disposal, that I may see your wise appropriation during my lifetime—leaving a reserved fund for myself, to dispose of hereafter, as shall best please me. Yours with esteem,

G. SEYMOUR.

Was there ever such a consternation in a household before? So many plans defeated—so much mortification to stem in future! So much to relinquish! And the very beginning to be withholding a bridal and holiday present! Yet the more they pondered upon their uncle's advice, the more the good sense which dictated it became apparent; and to show the important result which it produced, we have only to add, that a most surprising change in the Barclays soon became apparent, by their evincing a desire to be useful; and although it took some time to wear off the love of the frivolous, for which they had been characterized, yet to give a proof that the little charities which they now expend is devoted to objects more suited to their condition, we have to add, that upon the return of the last holidays, upon entering the cottage of a poor dependent widow, we found her bathed in grateful tears, because Mrs. Barclay, whom she considered "so proud a woman," had just presented her with a ton of coal, and her daughters with their own hands had given evidence of a desire to administer to her wants by providing her with a whole suit, which they had made from their own cast off but tidy garments!

Now who would not prefer the gratitude which flowed from such gifts, to the thanks of a rich friend for a silver basket, which she was abundantly able to procure for herself? So much are we indebted to our real friends for directing our efforts into right channels.

The Earl of Ashburnham now in his 39th year, is engaged to marry a young American lady whose name has not yet been publicly announced.

CHINA CUPS AND SAUCERS.

WHILE the passion for old blue and white china is dominant, there are many who will be glad of any useful hints, especially such as may aid them in forming a correct opinion of their acquisitions. The few remarks we are about to make will apply to cups and saucers and other articles of limited size, whether blue and white or not.

1. It would seem that really old sets of Chinese tea ware comprised only ten cups, and not twelve. They probably were unaccompanied by saucers, properly so called, and were placed on long trays having ten rounds or circular hollows for the cups to stand in. Such trays are sometimes, but rarely, seen in this country, and their use is not always understood by their possessors.

2. Genuine old cups are usually of excellent model, finish, and color, and their bottom rim is carefully ground smooth, whether thin or thick.

3. Inferior and later, but still old cups, are less perfectly ground, often only on the outer edge of the bottom rim.

4. Cups of still later date, and especially the comparatively modern examples which are so numerous, have been scarcely touched at the bottom, and in general are left rough as they came from the kiln. Though often very pretty, they will not bear the minute inspection to which fine old cups may be subjected.

5. Fine old cups are often accompanied by so called saucers, which appear to have been really intended for sweetmeats or something of that kind. These are frequently very beautiful, and are deservedly valued. They were apparently sent to Europe as saucers when it was found that cups must be accompanied by saucers. Real saucers will be found sometimes where pairs and not sets are in question, though perhaps only made for Europe.

6. Cups of the second rank are very often provided with saucers which may or may not match the cups. These saucers may be of the same quality as the cups, or inferior. Many of them are perhaps as old as the first half of the last century, but it is very difficult to fix their exact date.

7. Cups and saucers to match are common enough in the modern ware manufactured and sold to meet the European demand; they seldom show good work.

8. Cups and saucers of European make have long been produced in imitation of Chinese models. Those issuing from some of the old English manufactories have frequently a wonderful resemblance to the originals, and the two classes are easily confounded by ordinary persons, and even by practised collectors. The extraordinary prices paid for genuine old china in the last century very naturally stimulated the effort of makers to counterfeit it, and some of them succeed admirably. Their exertions were facilitated by discoveries, such as that of Kaolin, and others which we will not now enumerate.

9. Old blue and white cups and saucers, and other small articles, are by no means commonly marked on the bottom outside, but they often have a characteristic ornament on the bottom inside.

10. Genuine old cups and saucers differ in substance and the shade of blue employed. Some are very thin and light, and belong to a class once so prized as eggshell china; others are thicker and heavier, but are none the less frequently excellent work. Cups without handles as a rule, deservedly find most favor, but fine examples of stout china cups with handles are to be had. As regards the color, the white ground of some old cups and saucers has a bluish or greyish tinge, but those with a ground of snowy whiteness are as a rule most effective, and preferred. Of course the decoration has something to do in all cases and the better the blue and the greater artistic skill, the better will be the character of the article. With respect to subjects, that is a matter of taste, some preferring figures and others flowers; but a collector will generally adopt both for the sake of variety. In both flower and figure subjects there are great diversities of style, sometimes the whole surface is covered with the minutest details, sometimes a few bold strokes suffice to produce a powerful etching, sometimes the colors are laid on with a full brush, so to speak, at others the least possible amount of color is used.

We will not go further into details at present, but the foregoing remarks are offered as so many suggestions or indications for the benefit of those who have not studied the subject, but who still desire to furnish their cabinet with a few specimens upon which they may rely, and which they may regard with satisfaction as examples of real old blue and white, whether Nankin or not.

Four elephants belonging to the King of the Belgians recently arrived at Aden on the way from Bombay to Zanzibar. They are to be used in an experiment to ascertain whether elephants can be advantageously used as a means of transportation in Africa.

Garibaldi's disease is rheumatic gout, which has reached his stomach.

STUDY TO APPEAR WELL.

WE often hear the remark "O she is naturally a lady," or "She is naturally graceful," or "She is naturally talkative," and yet what seems to the casual observer as an endowment of nature may be the result of years of patient thought and study.

It would be useless to attempt to deny that some families are "by blood" or, as those say who do not believe in blood, are by nature qualified to appear better than others: for as Sir Robert Peel is said to have remarked, "It takes three generations to make a gentleman."

That a good appearance is really the result of some study I have the word of a most charming lady to prove. Many years ago she was my school mate and friend. So far as the theory of "blood" goes she would not have ranked with the brightest in the land, but as she grew up to womanhood the neatness of her attire and the agreeableness of her manners captivated many hearts. "How is it," said I to her one day, "that you manage to please people so well and are never at a loss for a reply?" "I will tell you the exact truth," she replied, "I study to appear well; get up imaginary conversations when about my work, say to myself if he, or she, should say thus and so, I would reply thus and so. Frequently I am obliged to use the very expression I have previously planned to use; when had I given the subject of appearance no thought I should have been at a loss for a reply. Do you remember the story of Daniel Webster? In making an impromptu speech he used, at the close certain words which brought forth a storm of applause and which astonished everybody who heard them. "I am surprised," said a gentleman to him, "that any man without previous study should be able to speak like that." Said Webster, "I have often shouted those very words from the hill top to an imaginary audience. I always thought they would come in all right in some future speech."

There is no quality so charming to the majority of people as a good appearance; even fine clothes and plenty of money will not fully compensate for the want of it. As I have mentioned, it is not always possible to inherit those qualities which will insure for us a good appearance but by proper study, care, and attention we may speedily acquire this most pleasing virtue.

Shakspeare says "If you have not a virtue affect one," let this be the first virtue we attempt to affect. SYLVIA A. MOSS.

WOODEN SHOES IN FRANCE.

MOST kinds of woods are spongy and soon penetrated with damp, but the beech shoes or sabots are light, of close grain, and keep the feet dry in spite of snow or mud, and in this respect are greatly superior to leather. The men cut down the tree; the trunk is sawn into lengths, and if the pieces prove too large they are divided into quarters. The first workman fashions the sabots roughly with the hatchet, taking care to give the bend for right and left; the second takes it in hand, pierces the hole for the interior, and scoops the wood out. The third is the artist of the company; it is his work to finish and polish it, carving a rose or primrose upon the top if it be for the fair sex. Sometimes he cuts an open border around the edge, so that a blue or white stocking may be shown by a coquettish girl. As they are finished they are placed in rows under the shavings; twice a week the apprentice exposes them to a fire which smokes and hardens the wood, giving it a warm, golden hue. The largest are cut from the lowest part of the bole, to cover the workman's feet who is out in rain from morning until night. The middle part is for the busy housewife, who is treading the wash house, the dairy, or stands beside the village fountain. Next come those of the little shepherd, who wanders all day long with his flock, and still smaller ones for the school boy. These for the babies have the happiest lot, they are seldom worn out. As the foot grows the mother keeps the little sabots in a corner of her cupboard beside the baptismal robe.

Edward Alexander Guy, of Cincinnati, was in 1862 possessor of $40,000. He was a well educated, intelligent young man, particularly pious. Convinced that the scriptural text, "Sell all that ye have and give alms," was a binding injunction, he began to dispose of his property and give the money to the poor. He bestowed the gifts slowly, carefully, and it was not until 1870 that the last dollar was gone. He is now a religious missionary in Cincinnati, penniless, but completely absorbed in his work.

A Kentucky hen fancier has a hen that has been putting on strange airs, much to the surprise of her owner. She has donned the plumage of a full grown rooster, with a prominent comb and finely arched tail feathers. It is represented as a funny sight to see this gallinaceous Dr Mary Walker strutting around the yard, and followed by a mob of puzzled chickens and scolding hens.

Our Young Folks.

A RAY OF LIGHT.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE

MORNING had just dawned on the great city, and slowly the misty twilight, like a drowsy giant, gave way to the sunshine.

One by one the long streets woke up—the poorest first, for such is the hard rule of nature—and became bristling with life, as byways and courts poured out their teeming masses of humanity. Louder grew the noisy hum as the hours progressed, and was at its highest as the big broad sun darted above the house tops and smiled on the scene below.

But though the sky was so very blue and the day so very bright, both looked on much that was unhappy.

Hundreds upon hundreds were scattered over the metropolis to whose hearts the radiance brought no pleasure. Stretched upon beds of sickness and pain, it almost seemed as if the day's brightness only made their misery more keen.

Most of these were to be found in the little streets and alleys that had so early sent out their quota to the great army of labor. Wan and pinched faces—old and young—gazed forth from dim or broken windows upon the day, but without its cheering influence bringing either light or comfort to their weary hearts.

From one of the dimmest of windows in one of the narrowest of streets, so looked little Joe Kelsey. Lying almost motionless on his cot, his sunken, weary eyes wandered from point to point with restless impatience. On the hollow, white cheeks, and thin colorless lips, there was a querulous bitter expression that at times darkened to a frown.

Perhaps it would have been almost strange if it was not so. To be helplessly ill for nearly a year, too poor to get the doctor save once in a while, and all the time to hear his old comrades shouting or romping in joyous play outdoors, was enough to sadden little Joe's heart, and make him wonder why his fate was so hard and that of others so bright.

If he had had anything to amuse him it might have been different. But he could not read and he had no brothers or sisters to do it for him. Sometimes the neighbors' children would come in and talk with him, but they were always anxious to be out, and so would leave the invalid even sadder than before.

His father had to work from dawn until late in the night, so he could seldom see him.

Thus Joe's most usual occupation was to watch his mother as she flitted around the room, or came to his bedside and sought to ease his tedium and sufferings as only a mother can.

For all this sometimes it looked as though her efforts for his comfort were lost upon him. He used to grow so morose and peevish from his miseries that many a time he spoke to her so thoughtlessly selfish and unkind that it nearly broke her heart.

But she knew whence it rose, and that really he did not mean it; and then the thought of their poverty, which prevented their getting him proper medical attendance, rendered her so sad that imperceptibly Joe's changed temper soured her own.

And Mr Kelsey himself was not long in noting the alteration. Since their marriage till during the early days of their boy's sickness she had been most happy and hopeful in spite of their many privations. Now, however, though her remarks were rather covert than open, he plainly saw her discontent and naturally was deeply troubled. To do all that he was able, and be indirectly reproached for not doing more, was too much to bear.

So after enduring it for some time patiently, he began to resent it sharply. One word brought on another, and the result was the father not only failed to go to work during the day, but came home at night intoxicated.

It was the first time his wife had seen him so, and she laid the whole blame on herself. Her knowledge of her husband told her that but for her words, this, the crown of her sorrow would not have occurred.

This morning there was no allusion to the day before, and she strove to be like her old self.

Mr. Kelsey ate his breakfast in silence, and the gate had hardly closed on him when his wife burst into tears.

Joe was looking through the open door between the two rooms they occupied, and saw her. He had often seen her weep before, but never so bitterly as now.

This made him wonder. He was a very little boy and could not reflect deeply, and for a moment he forgot his own woes in thinking of his mother. Indeed he forgot himself almost altogether and was on the point of calling to her to inquire what was the matter when he noticed a broad belt of sunlight suddenly streak in through the window and shoot across the bed.

He might have often noticed it before, or he might not, but somehow or other this bright morning there seemed something in it most beautiful. Certainly it had always been as beautiful, but he had never taken the time from mourning over his troubles to think so. Now, however, he forgot everything but the lustrous ray that danced through the air and on the clean whitewashed wall like an angel of light.

Then in its midst he could trace along its whole line thousands of little motes, flitting hither and thither like children at play. And when a fly in its rapid flight broke the course of the beams, and the little motes danced around livelier than ever, Joe thought he never saw anything so lovely.

So absorbed did he become in this new delight that for over an hour—a most unusual thing with him—he never called for his mother once. And when he did, at length, it was with a weak attempt at a smile and to ask her to look at the beautiful sunbeams.

Hearing him, though it may have been only fancy, something as bright as the sunbeams lit up her own sad face.

That day, whatever it was caused it, was one of the shortest Joe ever knew. And when he went to sleep he dreamed he had himself become a mote and was dancing as hard as he could with the others in the sunshine.

Thus several days passed, and Joe never grew tired of watching the ribbon of light. Rarely did he call his mother now, but when she peeped in at the engrossed boy, the effect of the happy change in him was seen in her own hopeful smile.

Nor did it stop with her. Joe's father, the old time look of honest effort brighter than ever on his face, used to stop with him now some minutes before going to his work, and spoke so pleasant that Joe began to hate to see him leave.

Well might the parents grow happier, for daily Joe became less of an invalid. Ceasing to brood over his lot and cheerful thoughts, appeared to infuse him with new life.

His cheeks lost their paleness, the brightness of returning health and strength came into his eye, and he felt at times as though he really could get up and dance as lively as the best mote of them all.

Ere long he actually did rise, though he was not able to leave the room. But till this happened, which was the case before the Summer ended, it used to be his greatest delight to sit and watch the beam that had brought him happiness and health.

And as with little Joe Kelsey, so is a ray of sunlight—whether coming through the window, or going out from the human heart—good for us all.

PROTECTED BY POISON.

IN a recent lecture, Mr Francis Darwin gave some curious instances of the way plants are protected from insects and other dangers. Opium strychnine and belladonna, he said, three of the most deadly poisons, were all formed by plants as a means of defence to preserve them from cattle, etc. A curious use was made of this poisonous property, as recorded by Livingstone, who states that at one place in South Africa the natives were in the habit of catching their zebras by mashing up some poisonous plant in their drinking places. Peppers are protected by poison from the attacks of goats and probably other cattle. The strychnine plant was a good example of the way in which poison was limited to the part of the plant where it was needed. Almonds were also protected by poison, cultivators generally sowing the bitter kind, as the sweet kind was eaten by mice. Other plants were protected, not by strong poisons but by some aromatic substance. The fennel, anise and carraway seeds were examples of this, which were not eaten by birds on that account. The lime, which was protected by its aroma, was able to grow wild and hold its own anywhere, whereas the orange, the citron and the olive required to be carefully preserved and watched. The mint was another example against cattle by this aromatic principle. Flowers are often more aromatic than the leaves of the plant on which they grow, and owe to this principle their safety from attack, and caterpillars will even starve to death sooner than eat the flower of a plant the leaves of which they eagerly devour. Water plants are unprotected, for the reason that water is protection enough. The most peculiar protection, perhaps, was that enjoyed by the common lettuce which, when pricked, even by an ant's foot, spurted up a sticky juice, and annoyed the intruder who, losing the last from vexation, drew down upon himself a fresh shower of cabbage wrath, in which the unfortunate ant was drowned.

The old chimney of the house in which Washington was born, on the estate of "Wakefield" in Westmoreland county, Virginia, is still standing—all that is left to mark the spot the tablet erected by Parke Curtis in 1815 having crumbled to pieces. It is suggested that an enduring monument be placed upon the spot.

The United States consume annually $2,000,000 worth of quinine.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 444 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

EDITORS TWELVE.

BY WILKINS MICAWBER.

I.

My MOM is RUTHVEN and I live in Maine,
I long have puzzled, yet I still am sane:
In "Tangled Textures" I have lost my way—
And so have others—I rejoice to say.

II.

Well, here is RANDOLPH, as you plainly see,
Though how it happens, is a mystery.
In "Parlor Pastimes" is my joy and pride,
I love them better than the world beside.

III.

In New York city, as perhaps you know,
I am the poser by the name of KOR:
For some two Summers I have been in luck,
The "Knit Knots" column was the mine I struck.

IV.

I am a Yankee, and of course serene,
Perchance you know that I am CYRIL DEANE:
Oh! "Round the Table" is my chief delight,
My breakfast, dinner—yes, my tea at night.

V.

I am EFFENDI and F. N. D., too,
Two modes of spelling, yet they both are true
And in my pocket-book I keep that neat
The Mystic Treasures in "Our Puzzle Box."

VI.

Oh! plodding puzzler, if a book you need,
Here is an AL. G. BRA, for you to read.
Within its pages, there are puzzles shown
Which I can warrant as the "Puzzlers' Own."

VII.

I am a NUTMEG, and am just as good,
As other spices that are made of wood;
In "Twisted Tangles" I am badly wound,
Yet once unraveled, you will find me sound.

VIII.

I am from Gotham and am MATTIE JAY,
(Name once was Matthew, so the gossips say);
My "Matted Meshes," which I hope you see,
Are nicely twisted, like the banyan tree.

IX.

AS I announced to you sometime ago,
My MOM is ASIAN, this you all should know:
Tough are "Entanglements," which I direct,
Come, sir, inspect them, they are circumspect.

X.

Oh! puzzling posers of the mystic crew,
Lo! here is GOOSE QUILL! Pray how do you do?
Come quaff the contents of the cup I bring,
'Tis crystal water from the "Mystic Spring."

XI.

It matters little where is cast our lot,
Some make their mark, but I prefer MY DOT;
My "Pearls of Puzzledom" are highly Prized,
An item puzzlers not be despised.

XII.

My puzzling brethren, I am REV. J. MIX,
With puzzles pastered both within and out;
O'er "Pleasant Pastime," I have full control,
And pass time pleasantly, upon my soul.

ANSWERS.

No. 203. SPARROWS.

No. 204.

SPLIT
PIANO
LABAN
INANE
TONED

No. 205. HANDSOME.

No. 206.

CRATER
RAVINE
AVENGE
TINCAL
ENGAGE
REELED

No. 207. GRASS-WIDOW.

No. 208.

PILGRIM
ICARIAN
LAZING
ERICA
NINA
TAG
UN
M

No. 209. PINAFORE.

No. 210.

B
MAC
BANAT
MALABAR
BANAWARAM
CANAGAN
TARAS
BAN
M

No. 211. NOSEGAY.

No. 212.

CATAMARAN
APOCOPATE
TOLEKATE
AGITATE
MORALE
APATE
HATE
ATE
NE
S

No. 213. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 214.

C
COF
BONED
BREAKED
COMPRISED
CONSTRUCTAL
PRISSHING
DESTINE
DESIRE
DEAD
L

No. 215. NUMERICAL.

The [illegible] containing 36 letters is a quotation from [illegible].

The 1, 2, 31, 22, 3 is to add, edge.

The 3, 3, 4, 5, 6 is a coin.
The 7, 11, 12, 13, 13, 14, 15, 16 is aversion.
The 14, 17, 8, 9, 10 is celerity.
The 20, 25, 19, 26 is advantage.
West Bethel, Maine. RUTHVEN.

No. 216. QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

1. The stem of grasses.
2. A Prussian river.
3. A metal.
4. A girl's name.
5. A heathen deity.

PRIMALS:—A male name.
CENTRALS:—A Turkish tribunal and an animal.
FINALS:—A coin.
Baltimore, Md. RANDOLPH.

No. 217. DOUBLE CROSS WORDS.

In sunlight not in day,
In spirit not in fay,
In sportive not in gay,
In stipend not in pay,
In clover not in hay.

The FIRST is a kind of a bird,
The SECOND a stand or a table,
The WHOLE is a stone I have heard
Gray-colored; now find it if able.

New York City. KOR.

No. 218. HALF SQUARE.

1. An officer. 2. Ran away. 3. Eminent. 4. A famous garden. 5. A color. 6. Like. 7. A consonant.

ENCLOSED DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A wand. 3. Eminent. 4. A cave. 5. A consonant.
Greenwood, Maine. CYRIL DEANE.

No. 219. CHARADE.

A spendthrift to himself did say—
"Though years are gliding fast,
I worry not about the day,
To FIRST I'm always LAST."

When old and poor, he vainly cursed—
"My moments are but few,
I am not LAST, I cannot FIRST,
The WHOLE is justly due."

New York City. EFFENDI.

No. 220. OCTAGON.

1. To muddy. 2. Defied. 3. A bird. 4. A kind of ore. 5. Clear. 6. Noted. 7. A boy's nickname.
Henderson, Minn. AL. G. BRA.

No. 221. ANAGRAM.

A tale below you will discern,
I'm sure 'twas written by Jules Verne.
SEEK A BLIND CHIT.

Danbury, Conn. NUTMEG.

No. 222. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. A gap. 4. An animal. 5. Distributing. 6. A dissenter. 7. The sixteenth part of a second of time. 8. Upward curve of the lines of a ship. 9. A letter.
New York City. MATTIE JAY.

No. 223. CHARADE.

A man of three-score years and ten,
Was Murphy (FIRST they called him,) when
He left old Ireland, bound for where—
But really that's not here nor there.

While on the ship, a LAST occurred,
In which FIRST, as you may have heard
Took part and proved himself a WHOLE,
By actions truly very bold.

. . . . . .

Since then poor FIRST has died; so we
Will kindly let him R. I. P.

Baltimore, Md. ASIAN.

No. 224. REVERSED RHOMBOID.

ACROSS.—1. A wind instrument. 2. Shepherds. 3. A push. 4. Tradesmen. 5. To cure. 6. An ill-omen. 7. Brigands.

DOWN.—1. A letter. 2. A river. 3. To plunder. 4. A plant. 5. A precious gem. 6. To sprinkle. 7. Round mouldings. 8. To alter. 9. To look. 10. Turfs. 11. Metal. 12. A month. 13. A letter.
San Francisco, Cal. GOOSE QUILL.

No. 225. CRYPTOGRAPH.

YDUHU JAJ WHI FIQU LBEQ NONW JUON?
EIN RL RDU UCUH WYDUHU—EV QW UOH.

YDUHU JAJ WHI KUH RDEZU UWUH RL NEIU?
WHI RUES QU OVJ A RS RUSS WEI.

Dunkirk, N. Y. MY DOT.

No. 226. DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. Inconvenient. 3. Encompassed. 4. Used to defend the face from the sun. 5. A casting fanatic, (Colloq.) 6. A group of islands in the Strait of Macassar. 7. Made desert. 8. One who makes a gift. 9. Slender. 10. Calamitous. 11. A consonant.
Independence, Mo. REV. J. MIX.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST one year for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.
2. The POST six months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of May 17th were solved by Odoacer, Jarop, Hal Hazard, A. Rooster, The General, Graham, Captain Cuttle, Peggotty, Effendi, O. Possum, Randolph.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Odoacer,	Gibson, Pa.
2. Jarop,	New York City.
3. Hal Hazard,	Baltimore, Md.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

KOR—Double Acrostic. Hal Hazard—Reversed Rhomboid and Hour Glass. Jaffy—Charade and Square. Flewy Ann—Knight's Spring. Asian—Two Diamonds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CALIFORNIA PUZZLERS—Mail your answers not later than Tuesday after receipt of the POST.

KOR—Your Compound Double Acrostic is not a Double Diabolical one, and we shall be happy to place it in Cerebrations.

HAL HAZARD—Your Eight Letter Reversed Rhomboid shows great research and both it and the large Hour Glass will be used as soon as opportunity offers.

JAFFY—We accept the Charade and Square, but by the time we make a raid on the [illegible], our cheese knife you will scarcely recognize it. Come again.

FLEWY ANN—Knight's Spring O.K., and will be used; but Knight Springs are not favorites here.

ASIAN—Your last Eleven Letter Diamonds are good and new. Many thanks.

CRYPTOGRAPHIANS—It will pay all of you to read the "The Gold Bug," by Edgar Allan Poe. Try it.

INVINCIBLE.

BY A. R. P.

My heart sings like a May-day bird
That dwells in leafy groves,
And lightly doth the burden bear
Of half a score of loves.
My heart sings like a May-day bird,
And will not stint its joy
For all the laughing maids on earth,
That smile to work annoy.

On Youth, like a triumphant king,
I gaily still can ride;
Nor need I part from Nature's charms
To seek a meaner bride.
The morning sun, the radiant eve,
Are dearer far to me
Than any rosy cheeks, or lips,
Or bright love-rolling e'e.

No jealous fears disturb my breast,
But with a large consent
Rich favors I receive, and them
Receiving am content.
All seasons and all times she owns
My love with heartfelt tie;
In her embrace my life I pass,
In her embrace shall die.

SOME COMMON ERRORS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the vast strides that science has made of late years, it is curious to note the errors and misconceptions in various points of natural history that still linger in many parts of this and other countries. We may run over a few of these popular misconceptions. Not a few, even among generally well-informed people still imagine that all *Fungi* are poisonous—including even the mushroom. Many more take it for granted that all serpents sting, and that the forked tongue is the weapon by which the "sting" is given; the fact that it is forked seeming to afford them convincing proof of its deadly character, while there are many among the educated classes who would probably be puzzled if told that there were other mammals besides four footed animals and man.

There are still numbers of persons who believe that a horse-hair immersed for a time in water becomes vivified, and is transformed into the curious animal known as the hair-eel; and who further imagine that this, acquiring greater thickness, becomes in process of time the common eel. This belief is universal among the uneducated. Nor is it confined to them. We have heard it stoutly maintained by a very intelligent man, of good education.

The erroneous opinion that all serpents are venomous, is one that most probably originated in those districts frequented only by the adder or viper; but it ought not to be entertained, even by the most ignorant, where common snakes are abundant.

Some indeed believe the innocent blind-worm to be harmful, but nothing could be more erroneous. And similar to the popular opinion as to the blind-worm is that concerning the little active, slender lizard common in moors, and that concerning the eft or newt, both of which are deemed extremely venomous, dangerous animals, whilst in reality both are quite harmless. A similar belief, equally erroneous, prevails in France as to another species of lizard. As to the newt, the prejudice against it exists almost everywhere, but it appears in its most exaggerated form where the state of education is lowest.

Some birds are regarded as of evil omen. One does not wonder that this should be the case as to the raven and the owl. The color, the habits, and the hoarse croak of the raven may be supposed naturally suggestive of unpleasant thoughts; and it is easy to understand how the imagination may be affected by the loud hooting of the owl when it breaks the stillness of the night amidst the loneliness of the forest. But in other cases where no such explanation offers itself, the superstition seems wholly unaccountable. Thus, in the north of England, where the wheatear is not very common, the sight of it is supposed to presage death to the spectator, and the country people kill the bird and destroy its eggs on every opportunity. In the north of England also, the hoopoe has the reputation of being an unlucky bird. In many parts of England it is accounted unlucky to see a solitary magpie, but lucky to see two together. One is supposed to presage sorrow; two, mirth; three a wedding; and four, death!

In most parts it is deemed unlucky to kill a robin, the red breast of the bird being attributed to its having been sprinkled with the blood of our Lord as He hung upon the cross; even as the cross on the back of the ass is connected in the rustic mind with our Lord's entry into Jerusalem riding upon an ass. According to a paper in the Book of Days, a common saying in Suffolk is, "You must not take Robin's eggs; if you do, you will get your legs broken." The following anecdote is also related: "How badly you write!" I said one day to a boy in a parish school; "your hand shakes so that you can't hold the pen steady. Have you been running hard, or anything of that sort?" "No," replied the lad; "it always shakes: I [illegible] had a robin die in my hand, and they say if a robin dies in your hand, it will always shake." In some parts of England it is considered very unlucky to have no money in your pocket when you hear the cuckoo for the first time in the season. So perhaps it is, when it indicates the usual condition of the pocket.

Some insects as well as birds, are deemed ominous of evil. There are many, even among educated people, who cannot hear the ticking of the little beetle called the death-watch without a feeling of fear: and among the vulgar, the belief is universal that it presages death in the house. And yet it is only the male insect knocking his head against the woodwork as a signal to his mate. The elephant hawk-moth is also regarded not only as presaging, but as producing murrain. The death's-head moth is regarded with even greater aversion. This large moth, nowhere very common, has markings on the back and thorax somewhat resembling a skull and cross bones; hence it inspires a superstitious terror, and its appearance is believed to be the harbinger of pestilence and woe. The ghost-moth inspires similar alarm. The female is a dull brown color; the upper surface of the male is of a silvery whiteness. In the evening the male makes his appearance, hovering over the grass in which the female lurks, often in churchyards where the grass is green and luxuriant. If alarmed the insect disappears in an instant, settling on the ground; but by and by appears again hovering over the same spot. Perhaps the most curious of all the popular superstitions concerning insects is one which prevails in some places as to bees. It is deemed unlucky that a stray swarm of bees should settle on your premises, unclaimed by the owner; it presages a death in the family within a year.

Another popular belief is that it is unlucky to kill a harvestman—a long-legged spider, very common in the fields in autumn—because if you do kill one there will be a bad harvest.

Some other errors in the natural history of animals have been long and widely prevalent but have no superstitions connected with them. It is a common but a purely erroneous belief that the goatsucker and the hedgehog suck the teats of cows lying in the field—the latter being persecuted on that account. The woodpecker is ruthlessly killed because of the injury which it is supposed to do to the trees by pecking holes in the wood and causing them to rot. The woodpecker pecks only where the wood is already decayed, which it does in quest of insects and their larvæ, and by pecking out the decayed wood, prevents the gangrene from extending, thus doing good to the tree and not harm.

The popular errors regarding plants are not so numerous, so wide spread, or so strange as those regarding animals; nor do they seem anywhere to have taken so firm a hold of the minds of any class of the people and the superstitions connected with plants seem also to have possessed less vitality than those connected with animals. In fact, they have mostly quite died out. Perhaps the most tenacious of life was that concerning the rowan-tree or mountain-ash. Our forefathers universally regarded this tree as possessing a wondrous power of affording protection from witches and from evil spirits, and for this reason it was planted close by every dwelling; but all traces of this superstition have now disappeared.

Let us hope that, by the progress of education, the minds even of the humblest classes of the people will ere long be freed from the fear of dangers merely imaginary, and elevated above the pitiful superstitions by which they are still too frequently enslaved and degraded.

Grains of Gold.

Don't think it degrading to work. Only the fool thinks so.

There is nothing so fatal to comfort as well as to decorum, as Fuss.

How few faults are seen by us which we have not ourselves committed.

Do good to all, that thou mayest keep thy friends and gain thine enemies.

Glazed cards and paper are not used in good society, nor are gilt-edged ones.

Don't pin your faith to so called great men. You will find most of them very small as you approach them.

A man who has duly considered the condition of his being, will contentedly yield to the course of things.

Don't expect to earn your living without labor of hand or head. You must eat your own bread or somebody else's.

It is a most mortifying reflection to any man to consider what he has done compared with what he might have done.

The asked Lokman, the fabulist, from whom did you learn manners? He answered promptly: From the unmannerly.

Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it; and the further on we go, the more we have to come back.

Beware of anger of the tongue; control the tongue. Beware of anger of the mind. Practice virtue with thy tongue and with thy mind.

Sow not wishes in other people's gardens; wish not for that which you are not, but earnestly desire to be the very best of what you really are.

Reticence is a valuable power, but one in the use of which great discretion is required; and it loses all its dignity as soon as it is practised without sufficient cause.

The proper element of man is constant activity. The waters of life are like those of the Bethesda pool—it is only when they are agitated that they are healthful.

It is better to set a frugal and welcome table before the guest instantly, than to keep him waiting a long time, in order to provide for him a splendid repast, perhaps grudgingly.

A young officer thought to puzzle an older one by asking him when two men of equal age and rank met, which should be the first to bow. The elder calmly replied, "The more polite of the two."

It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for the one is unbelief and the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity.

Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string, but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up as a flower.

The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand may decide it, or of the lips, though they cannot speak.

All men and women are verily, as Shakspeare has said of them, merely players, when we see them upon the stage of the world—that is, when they are seen anywhere except in the freedom and unaffected intimacy of private life.

When people come to see us, we foolishly prattle, least we be inhospitable. But things said for conversation are chalk eggs. Don't say things. What you are stands over you the while, and thunders so that I can't hear what you say to the contrary.

Examine your lives, weigh your motives, watch over your conduct, and you will not take long to learn or discover enough to make you entertain charitable opinions of others. Be harsh in your judgment of self; be tender in your judgment of others.

You meet in this world with false mirth as often as with false gravity; the grinning hypocrite is not a more uncommon character than the groaning one. As much light discourse comes from a heavy heart as from a hollow one, and from a full mind as from an empty head.

Lovers abstain from caresses, and haters from insults, whilst they sit in one parlor with common friends. Would we codify the laws that should reign in households, and whose daily transgression annoys and mortifies us, and degrades our household life, we must learn to adorn every day with sacrifices.

Accustom yourself to think vigorously. Mental capital, like pecuniary, to be worth anything must be well invested—must be rightly adjusted and applied, and to this end careful and deep thought is necessary if great results are looked for. There is no such thing as standing still in this world. Change is the eternal law of nature.

Femininities.

A Boston belle has two French snails for pets. They live on clover and lettuce.

It is said that English ladies' maids lend money to their employers at twenty-five per cent.

Mrs Mary Josephine Young is the first lady to be admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of California.

Mrs Alice Hawthorne Mudd, of Louisville, announces herself as candidate for State Librarian of Kentucky.

A lady always looks prettiest when she is peeping over the top of her fan—especially if she has a large mouth.

Miss Lorenzo Haynes has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Universalist Church in Fairfield, Me.

Perpetual motion has at last been accomplished. Indianapolis has a female sexton, and now one belle tolls the other.

"Yes, Agnes, I'm going to have a cream-colored summer silk, provided pa doesn't veto the appropriation ma has passed."

Learning to read, under professors of elocution, is said to be more popular with Paris young ladies than learning to play on the piano.

At Leghorn more than a thousand women are employed in the manufacture of coral beads for necklaces, which promise to be fashionable.

There is a very strong public opinion against preaching by women, but almost every husband knows that women as lecturers are an entire success.

The girl who will almost cry if she happens to let a drop of ink fall on a letter, is never put out in the least when she is told that she spelled disappointment with one p.

The woman who put her tongue to a hot flat iron to see if it was hot, now sits calmly and sees her husband pull off his boots on the parlor carpet without a word of dissent.

A young woman was trading with one one of the merchants on the day of her mother's death. She remarked that he must trust her "until I get this funeral off my hands."

An exchange says that women never think. Perhaps the man who penned that statement thinks those summer hats and bewitching suits plan themselves, but we don't believe it.

A Western girl broke the engagement because the fellow was so bandy-legged that she couldn't sit in his lap. She acted too hastily. She should have remembered that a friend in need is a friend indeed.

Definition of feminine extravagance—Paying twenty-five cents for a fifty-cent article that she don't want. Ditto of masculine extravagance—Paying seventy-five cents for a fifty-cent article that he does want.

A Boston man is about to make a trip around the world in an eighteen-foot boat, taking his wife with him on the journey. He has steadily declined tempting offers to take the wives of several other Bostonians.

A little wife is leaning over her husband's chair and stroking his beard in the most affectionate manner. "Well, well, Julia," says the husband, "you are very tender to night. Heigh-ho! I wonder how much it will cost me this time?"

After an enthusiastic lover spends two hours' hard labor on a letter to his girl, and then mars its beauty by spilling a drop of ink on it, he first swears in a scientific manner for a few moments, and then draws a circle around the blot and tells her it is a kiss.

"I gave my seat in the car to day to a very nice little lady from abroad," remarked an ungentlemanly wretch at a tea-table the other night. "How do you know she was from abroad?" inquired one of the fair tea-drinkers: "did you ask her?" "No, I didn't address her at all," replied the first speaker, "but when I got up to give her a seat she said, 'thank you, sir,' and then I know she must surely be a foreigner."

Margaret of Italy is fond of poetry, of novels, of government debates and squabbles. She is even interested in archæology. She reads a little of everything, and when she is about to see literary celebrities is said to "cram" their writings in preparation for the interview. She has just received Samuel Smiles, whose works, by the way, are very popular, through translations, in Italy. The Queen met him very cordially, talked with him most understandingly about his books, and sent him away enchanted with her graciousness and good sense.

An amusing piece of by-play interested the ladies in the reserved gallery of the House one day last week. A lady who occupies a high position was in the gallery listening to a speech made by a near relative. A daughter of a Representative and an unmarried member of the House were engaged in conversation near by, when lady No. 1 rose and approached the talking couple, saying, "I could hear more of what my brother is saying if I could hear less of what you are saying." Then "there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

"A true girl has to be sought for," remarks a writer. Of course she does, and any mother will tell you the same thing. Look for her in the parlor hammering a waltz out of the suffering piano; if she isn't there, she'll be in front of her bureau glass, admiring her hair; should she not be there, maybe she's swinging on the gate with a young man who is the happy possessor of a tender moustache; if not there, she is promenading the streets and flirting with a drummer. Oh, you'll have to hunt for her. And after you find her, say that her mother is washing the dishes and needs her assistance.

The other day an uptown woman found a large, dark bottle, worth about a pint, in the closet, and she immediately took it down and jerked out the cork to see what there was in it. She smelt it vigorously for a second, and then, unable to determine just what it was, she tipped the bottle very cautiously, but before it was more than half turned over, the little green tree snake that her son had stowed away in that bottle shot out and dropped into her extended hand, and the curtain went down on a most magnificent transformation scene, red lights burning on one side and green at the other, grand overture by the orchestra, trumpets sounding the flourish behind the scenes, and the full force of the entire ballet before the footlights. Long before the police could break open the front door the snake got away.

Facetiæ.

If she would only comb with me,
Soap proper is my love,
I'd razor to a wife's degree—
My bone! my turtle dove!

Our home of lather brick shall be:
How fine tooth think of! I
Will make her hair, but towel she
Survive it if I dye!

Should I curl up and cut this life,
Her tears she'd brush with care,
And, being chaste as scissors wife,
Hirsute of black she'd wear.

In setting out plum trees be sure they're plumb.

Where to Recover Yourself.—At the tailor's.

Hanging is too good for a fifteen cent chromo.

Is the handsomest heifer on the farm a cow-belle?

How to gain a high position.—Ascend a mountain.

The dentist makes more money per acher than any farmer.

"Jumping down a rope" is what they call hanging in Nevada.

"Requiescat in space," as the mule said when he kicked a man up into the clouds.

A Whitehall woman calls her husband "Good Resolutions," because he's always broke.

"Soled again," he remarked as the old man's boot nestled in the region of his pistol pocket.

Can it be said that a man who is very much intoxicated is dejected, because he is more'n full?

An amateur singer frightened a pair of canary birds to death. It was a case of killing two birds with one's tone.

A man on being asked for an appropriate inscription for a foundling asylum, proposed "Thus far; but no farther."

The young man who works hard, saves his money, and gets his hair shaved off short, is preparing to get married.

Homœopathy is a delusion. Like curing like is a snare. No one every got rid of the blues by eating freely of bluefish.

First impressions are lasting, as the schoolmaster said when he introduced himself to the new school by flogging all hands.

The weather is hot. The girls in the parlor are considerably annoyed by hearing their mothers complain of heat in the kitchen.

Quack.—"So you prefer my medicine to those of Dr. Pillsbury?" Mrs. Mulligan.—"Och indade, doctor, dear, ye're a deal better than the other old 'umbug."

No one has ever been able to find out why a boy slams the door when he goes out mad; but good guessers imagine that it is because he daren't slam the family.

A St. Louis man drank a pint and a half of whisky on a bet and died in consequence. It is strongly suspected that some fiend in human shape diluted it with water.

Speaking of the "Voices of Nature." If you will go into your garden on a soft, balmy summer night and listen, you will not only hear the Beanstalk, but Cauliflower.

"My Soul's at the Gate," is the title of a new piece of music. He had better be careful, or he may find the old man's sole at the gate too, some of these fine evenings.

Now the winds that softly breathe, and the flowers that garlands wreathe, a gentle hint of summer in the mind implants; and so do the beetles and the spiders and the ants.

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a lady to her maid-of-all-work. "Why," replied the girl, "the candles fell into the wash tub, and I put them in the oven to dry."

Another way of expressing it.—Scene on the Boulevards. "Good day! How are you?" "Pretty well." "And your wife?" "She is travelling." "For her health?" "No—for mine."

Most of us pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future, when it would be vastly better to cut a pole, dig some bait and go fishing.

"Finally," said the stern uncle, winding up his lecture to an erring nephew, "you should understand that it is infinitely better, instead of making pledges you always break, to make no promises at all—and keep them."

Spelling and defining bee. Leander, (giving out a word and defining it, in order to prevent misapprehension)—Hennery, a place to keep hens. Correct Speller—H, e, n, hen, n, e, r, hennery, y, hennery. Leader—Chicory. Incorrect speller (defining in order to promote misapprehension)—a place to keep chickens. Disturbance.

A little boy, whose father was a rather immoderate drinker of the moderate kind, one day sprained his wrist, and his mother utilized the whiskey in her husband's bottle to bathe the little fellow's wrist with. After a while the pain began to abate, and the child surprised his mother by exclaiming, "Ma, has pa got a sprained throat?"

Barnum says that in his Greatest Show on Earth a lady will never witness a gesture or hear a remark she would not countenance in her own parlor. But it would look a little odd to see in a lady's parlor the visiting gentlemen walking upon almost every part of the body rather than their feet, and seem a little strange to hear their "Hoop la!"

A marketman was mercilessly swindled in the town of B——. His misfortune gave him a very unfavorable opinion of the residents, and he expressed his opinion of them by saying that if the angel Gabriel stooped at B—— there would be no resurrection. "Why?" asked a listener. Because the people would swindle him out of his horn before he had time to blow a single toot."

A professor in one of the Paris colleges and well known for his absence of mind, before entering the professorate had been an assiduous law student. He was once clerk to a judge. Speaking not long ago with the parents of a pupil on the prospects of their boy, the mother said:—"Tell me, he is very noisy, very unruly, is he not?" "Well," answered the teacher, "there are quiet, self-concentrated natures—these make thieves and forgers. As for me, I prefer frank, open natures—they become assassins."

FIRE AND FIRE KINGS.

WHAT are the hottest things we can swallow without dread disaster to the throat and stomach? Can we handle red-hot solids, and wash our hands in white-hot liquids? Can garments made of woven materials be rendered fire-proof, in a complete or even a partial degree? These are questions worthy of notice.

The ancients had more knowledge of this matter than we sometimes give them credit for; and the middle ages in like manner were marked by many incidents illustrating a real or pretended power of bearing intense heat with impunity. Albertus Magnus mentions many feats of exhibitors or trading sorcerers, in which the hands and the interior of the mouth were washed with certain heat-resisting liquids; while in others nothing more was displayed than clever conjuring, men seeming to do what they really did not.

A letter is extant of the time of Charles I., mentioning an Exhibition in London, in which "an Englishman, like some swabber of a ship come from the Indies who hath learned to eat fire as familiarly as ever I saw any eat cakes, even whole glowing brands, which he will crush with his teeth and then swallow." Later in the same century was an exhibitor, who gained much notoriety by this kind of defiance of fire. He dropped into his mouth melted sealing-wax as if it had been so much cold water, without the slightest semblance of pain; nor did his tongue show the least sign of burning or injury whatever. After dinner, the fire-king devoured flaming brimstone by way of dessert; chewed and swallowed burning coals; melted a beer glass and then ate it up, or drank it down; put a live coal on his tongue, placed an oyster on the coal, blew this strange substitute for a fire-place with bellows, and so continued until the oyster was roasted or scalloped; he melted pitch and wax with sulphur and drank off the mixture in a flaming state; and finally held a thick piece of red-hot iron between his teeth. A learned publication afterwards explained all was done. The exhibitor rubbed with some chemical substance the hands and other parts of the skin to be exposed to the fire; the powerful liquid hardened the scarf-skin into a kind of leather; and after many repetitions of the experiment, this hardening became permanent. Some blacksmiths, it is known, can handle a piece of iron nearly red-hot, the skin of the hand having become indurated by long practice at the hot trade. In roasting bits of steak and raw oysters on his tongue, he secretly placed a thin slice of veal between the tongue and the burning coal; and this and the moisture of the mouth shielded him from injury. As to swallowing such dainties as flaming sulphur and pitch, he was wont to retire immediately from the audience, drink off warm water and oil, and so obtain relief by an emetic.

About the middle of the last century the great hero in this line was one Powell. Although eighty years of age, this man would take burning coals from the fire and eat them; place a bundle of lighted matches in his mouth, and blow the sulphur-fumes through his nostrils; carry a red-hot heater around the room between his teeth; broil a piece of meat on red-hot charcoal placed on his tongue; and drink with an iron spoon a delectable beverage consisting of blazing hot pitch, wax, brimstone, and lead. There was a little waggery in some of the descriptions of his tendencies: "His common food is brimstone and fire, which he licks up as eagerly as a hungry man would a mess of porridge. He feeds on this extraordinary diet before princes and peers to their infinite satisfaction; and such is his passion for this terrible element, that if he were to come hungry into your kitchen while a sirloin was roasting, he would eat up the fire and leave the beef."

At about the same time several scientific men made some valuable experiments to ascertain what degree of heat the human frame could endure for a short time with impunity—apart from any sophistication or secret preparation. Among the subjects was a young girl, who entered an oven and remained there ten minutes at a temperature of 282°, and on another who braved a heat of 325°, for five minutes. Eggs were at the same time roasted hard in a few minutes, and a beefsteak baked (for it was really baking) in about half an hour. The temperatures named greatly exceed that of boiling water.

A famous man was Chabert, the fire king and fire eater, rather less than half a century ago. By trade a baker, he gained much notoriety by his fire-resisting qualities. According to the stories told of him, he would rush into a burning house and bring out the inmates. Once, passing a blacksmith's forge, he took out a white-hot piece of iron with his naked hand, placed it on the anvil, and bade the blacksmith hammer away; the son of Vulcan, too much alarmed, ran away, fearing that a denizen of the nether regions had made his appearance. For a time he was inspector of the royal kitchen; but he was prone to go into the heated oven and give out the dishes of baked viands with his hands; the king, fearful of sad results from such proclivities, discharged him with a small pension. He went to Vienna, and in the presence of the royal family sat in a tar-barrel flaming and smoking, until he was blackened like a negro. On other occasions he bore the heat of an oven raised to 500°. There is no doubt that the man possessed exceptional personal peculiarities, but it can as little be doubted that he supplemented these by precautionary measures.

The process of tanning a human skin has just been accomplished at a morocco factory at Lynn, Mass. Two skins, about one foot and a half square, of white and black persons who were hanged, were furnished from a Boston dissecting room, and the process of tanning was remarkably successful. The skin, as it now appears, resembles a piece of French kid.

A note found on the body of a suicide at Worcester, Mass., contained the following: "Don't think I am insane, or anything of the kind. Simply, I can find no work at anything, from shoveling to steam engineering. I have tried over twenty cities, and farmers without number, and rather than beg or steal do this act. My reputation is unsullied."

It is stated that the Duchess de Montpensier, in her affliction at the loss of the Infanta Christina, has decided upon retiring to the celebrated convent of Las Huelgas, near Burgos.

What Will Compound Oxygen Cure?

Most remarkable cures have been made in Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Ozena, Debility, Paralysis, and in a large class of chronic and nervous diseases which have for years baffled the skill of our best physicians. Send for our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen." It will give you the amplest information and the most conclusive testimonials. Sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

News Notes.

Garibaldi has decided to reside permanently in Rome.

Tennyson since 1830 has had a dozen different publishers.

The bill providing for uniform text books has passed the Michigan Legislature.

The Duke of Argyll will pass four months in Canada, returning home in October.

The Princess Christian is the best cook in Queen Victoria's very practical family.

An Iowa goose attacked a boy and scared him into convulsions, from which he died.

In the Mississippi Penitentiary there are over 200 convicts who are imprisoned for life.

Mr. Albert Weber, the celebrated piano manufacturer, is said to be dying with a tumor.

Rents are so high in the new city of Leadville, Col., that a shingle is worth $3 a month.

The business of the present year will be the safest that has been done during the last decade.

Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, N. J., shipped on Thursday fifty cabinet organs in one lot.

Mrs. Louise Painter, a new Quaker preacher, is attracting immense audiences in the South.

Over eighty thousand pounds of eggs were shipped from Omaha to San Francisco last month.

The cost of living has increased more rapidly in Germany than in any other country of Europe.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston will celebrate its 21st anniversary soon.

A proportion of twelve per cent. of the convicts in the general prison of Scotland, at Perth, are insane.

Rev. T. K. Beecher is drawing near the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate in Elmira, New York.

Mrs. Mary Josephine Young is the first lady to be admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of California.

Mrs. Freeman, the mother of the little victim of the Massachusetts fanatics, is said to be dying of remorse.

The druggists of New York State are to hold a two days' convention in Utica, beginning on Wednesday next.

Mme Musard one of the celebrities of the Second Empire, is dying, blind and paralyzed, in a lunatic asylum.

Senator Don Cameron's Washington residence is said to be the best arranged house for entertaining in the city.

Miss Charlotte Stark, a niece of General Stark, of Revolutionary fame, is the heaviest taxpayer in Dunbarton, Vt.

Emigration from the North of England is on the increase. The destination of most of it is Australia and Manitoba.

Fifteen Communists who had escaped from New Caledonia in an open boat, have reached Queensland, Australia.

The Rev. Robert Williams, a full blood Nez Perces Indian, is a regularly ordained Presbyterian clergyman in Idaho.

Jane Hooper, of East Graham, Pa., although ninety-five years old, is a regular attendant of a Bible class every week.

It is proposed to allow the sale of tea, coffee, and other drinks on a non intoxicating nature in the public parks on Sundays.

John Augustus Rogers, a Kentucky temperance lecturer, has committed suicide after six weeks of uninterrupted drunkenness.

The Russian Minister Shiskin and his wife reside in New York, there being no Greek church anywhere else on the Atlantic coast.

The English Wesleyan Thanksgiving Fund, established last year, now amounts to $650 000, and it increases at the rate of $20,000 a week.

Senator Hampton is described as being yet unused to doing without his amputated limb, and so standing erect with great difficulty.

Two pupils in a Sunday-school at Nodaway, Mo., quarrelled in church, and went out together to a field near by, where one killed the other.

William Black thinks Mr. Longfellow would laugh if he saw some of the editions of his works that pass in England for complete editions.

Gen. Grant, during his sojourn in Japan, will probably occupy the fine building used as the residence of the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Alexis.

Mr. Keith Johnson, the chief of the English expedition to Eastern Africa, has taken into his service Chuma, the old companion of Dr. Livingstone.

The Rev. Dr. Wittington, ninety years old, Sunday performed the rite of baptism for an infant of his associate pastor in a church at Newbury, Mass.

The generous Washington banker, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, has offered to give $1 000 toward erecting a mausoleum to Gen. Robert E. Lee, at Lexington, Va.

A man on an Evansville & Terre Haute Railroad train tried to push his wife through a window, and had nearly succeeded before the frightened woman was rescued.

Among the speakers at the next Yale commencement will be Chan Lung, a Chinese member of the class of 1878, who deliver an oration on "The Chinese in America."

The widow of Daniel P. Stone of Malden, Mass., has donated $25 000 towards the erection of a new building for the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston.

Ask any good doctor if Hop Bitters are not the best family medicine on earth. See notice.

An Italian naturalist has established the fact that birds in their little nests fight like cats and dogs. Weak members of the family get down out of the nest without ceremony.

In Sumatra, when telegraph messages are delayed, or fail to be transmitted, it is because the wires are down, or won't work, as elsewhere, but it is not attributed to storms. Elephants and tigers upset the poles, and monkeys break the wires by taking gymnastic exercises on them.

A young man with two wooden legs was recently sent to prison in Paris for forgery. He lost his legs by machinery, and had a pension of $160 a year from his former employer, but he was rather a fast youth, notwithstanding his defective means of locomotion, and used often to pawn his leg until his pension came in. Finally he took to forgery, and was sent where he will have little occasion for legs.

A new electric light has been brought out in San Francisco which is said to be an improvement upon both the Jablochkoff and Werdemann candles. The new arrangement is constructed on the principle of this latter candle, but substituted an automatic spring for the weights. This spring presses constantly upon the carbon, but so lightly that it does not break the point off.

A Farmington, Me., man caught a young woodchuck last summer, and kept it until it was as tame as a dog. Last fall it took to the ground and spent the winter like others of its kind. During the time the family moved to another part of the town, but on going back to the old place the other day the woodchuck was out, and seemed delighted to see his old friends.

An epitaph in a Maine cemetery asserts:

The wedding day appointed was,
The wedding clothes provided,
But ere that day did come alas!
He sickened and he died.

The engineer of an Erie Railroad freight train discovered the other day that something obstructed the feed pipe leading from the tender water tank to the boiler, and an investigation showed that the obstacle was a water snake four feet long.

Mr. William Marshall, of Glasgow, who died a short time ago, has, it is stated, left a legacy amounting to over $1,000 000, to found in Glasgow an institution bearing his name. A sister of the deceased has, however, a life-rent of the money.

King Thee Bau of Burmah is said to have murdered another prince. The victim is described as a boy twelve years old, and it is alleged he was executed in revenge for the rebellious attitude of his maternal grandfather, a Teinnee chief.

Miss Maud Miller, aged about seventeen, daughter of the poet, Joaquin Miller, and T. E. L. Logan were held for trial in Portland, Oregon, recently, charged with the abduction of Alice McDonald, aged twelve.

A Matter of Interest to Travelers.

Tourists, emigrants and mariners find that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicinal safeguard against unhealthful influences, upon which they can implicitly rely, since it prevents the effects that an unhealthy climate, vitiated atmosphere, unaccustomed or unwholesome diet, bad water, or other conditions unfavorable to health, would otherwise produce. On long voyages, or journeys by land in latitudes adjacent to the equator, it is especially useful as a preventive of the febrile complaints and disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, which are apt to attack natives of the temperate zones sojourning or traveling in such regions, and is an excellent protection against the influence of extreme cold, sudden changes of temperature, exposure to damp or extreme fatigue. It not only prevents intermittent and remittent fever, and other diseases of a malarial type, but eradicates them, a fact which has been notorious for years past in North and South America, Mexico, the West Indies, Australia and other countries.

Farmers and All Others Read This.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.—"The Diseases of Live Stock and their Most Efficient Remedies," including HORSES, CATTLE SHEEP & SWINE. 1 Volume bound in cloth, 400 pages, Price $2.50. It may save you $500.

"THE PHYSICAL LIFE OF WOMAN."—Advice to maiden, wife and mother. One elegant volume bound in cloth. Price $2.00. Every family should have it.

"HAND-BOOK OF POPULAR MEDICINE."—Should be in every family. It will save ten times its cost in doctor's bills in a year. One volume, 432 pages bound in cloth, $2 00.

All three of these books sent to one address for $5.00 or singly at above prices. Address,

J. M. DOWNING,
Agents Wanted. 723 Sansom St., Phila.

The Traveling World.

Those who are traveling, or who intend spending a few weeks in the country, will find the use of Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream gratefully refreshing in preserving the delicacy and beauty of the complexion from the baneful influence of the sun, dust and wind. Its virtues have long since been acknowledged, and the inventor looked upon as a benefactor to the ladies. For further reference we refer our readers to the ad. in another column.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

Malarial fever, Ague, and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as Hop Bitters arrive.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

CANVASSERS Wanted for the new Velvetype photo copys. Metropolitan Copying Office, 15 West 3d St., New York.

50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc. CARDS, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. U. S. Card Co. Northford, Conn.

STUTTERING cured by Bates Appliances. Send for description to SIMPSON & CO., Box 2236, New York.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE,

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

RIDING HABITS AND PARASOLS.

ONE of the most marked changes in London styles which are the most popular for riding attire, is that low crowned hats, such as are called "Wide Awakes," are quite as much worn as high silk hats, whereas such a thing was hardly ever seen, and then denoted a country or provincial rider unaccustomed to fashionable ways, and was voted decidedly bad style. Another innovation is the shortness of the skirts of habits, which only just hide the feet; and bone buttons, about the size of a sixpence, which appear on many of the bodices, arranged in a double row, as though the habit were double-breasted. Braiding is quite going out. The newest habits have no trimming of any kind, only some ten dark bone buttons fastening the front, four on the jockey basque, and three on each sleeve, which are veritably buttoned on the outside of the wrist. There is no cuff put on, and no simulated cuff; the edge is simply stitched, the sleeves are long, tight and set in very high (*tres epaule* as the French say) in such a manner that they appear slightly fall on the shoulder. The fronts are rounded over the bust. There is an upstanding collar on each side, stitched at the edge and in the centre. Quite in the front there is no basque at all, but at the second dart seam a basque is set in one inch deep. A little in front of the side seam beneath the arm, the jockey basque begins overlapping the other; its extreme depth is seven inches, width at the lower end six inches, having two revers in the centre, secured at each lower point with a bone button, and having two buttons at the waist. This jocky basque is of the stiffness of leather. There is an inner silk belt hooked round the waist, an eyelet hole under each arm, and four at the back basque for securing it to the skirt. Good habit bodices are lined throughout with satin, and are well padded. None but tailors can turn them out well. They have two whalebones on each front at the dart seams, five inches long, and one under each arm, a wide bone on the button side, and a narrow one on the buttonhole side, quite in front, beyond the buttonholes, helping to secure the perfect fit. The skirt has but two seams. The length in front is 44 inches, at the back 57 inches. The joins fall at the side, but, as there is no fullness whatever at the waist, there are two gores at the left side of the back—the first 19 inches long, the second nine inches. Ample room is given to the knee over the pommel by horizontal joinings. The front piece is about 15 inches at the waist, and 64 inches at the lower edge; the back the same, but 12 inches at the waist. At the edge of the habit is a hem one and one-half inches wide; at the top in front it is simply lined. It is set in a pointed band at the back, two inches wide at the side, two and one-half inches at the point, and four hooks turning upwards, corresponding with the eyelet holes one the bodice. The side opening is 11 inches deep, fastening invisibly with three cloth buttons attached to an underpiece four inches wide, in which is a reasonably sized alpaca pocket. In front, where it comes over the knee, the habit is lined with a patch of black twill lining, and just below it, on the left side, is an elastic strap for the foot to keep the habit down.

The Empress of Austria, an excellent lady rider, set the fashion of short and narrow habits; and, following in her lead, some horsewomen wait till they are mounted to have the side buttons of their habits fastened. In case of an accident, they might not find it easy to dismount.

Dark blue, brown, and dark green are the favorite colors. Brown is better worn than it has been for some time, and a few habits of a brighter shade of green than has hitherto been deemed fashionable.

Neatness and trimness are the chief points to aim at in riding attire. No colored neckties, no ribbons, are dreamt of about the neck; but bouquets of flowers are as fashionable here as in all other styles of dress just now; and a favorite plan is to pin them on the left side of the throat under the left ear, otherwise they appear on the front of the bodice; white and yellow blooms prevail with scarcely an exception. Notwithstanding the convenient pocket in the habit, there is little room for stowing away even a handkerchief in the skirt, and this is tucked into the front of the bodice, so that a colored border or colored monogram may show.

The collars are linen, either the all-round shape, or turning downwards, with studs. The habit bodice is so high that very little of it is seen.

The low round-crowned hats have very shallow brims, fitting the head as closely as possible. With these, as with the so-called "chimney-pot" hats, a narrow strip of spotted net, or a rounded lace veil with border, is worn, stretched tightly over the face. The high silk hats have no trimming, and are lower in the crown and shallower in the brim than of yore. The fashion of making a veil a sort of trimming to the hat, has quite passed out of date.

Linen cuffs like shirt cuffs are worn either straight or rounded at the corners, and show but little beneath the long sleeves. There is nothing new in gloves. Light leather color, white and grey, prevail, either Suedes or ordinary kid. The thick makes of kid, such as dogskin, etc., are used only in the country, and here often a thicker make of cloth for habits is found more useful. Save that the cloths are made more thoroughly waterproof and a little more durable, there is nothing new in the cloths used for riding habits.

The Blucher or the Wellington are the best riding boots for ladies, and many of these high boots are now made to lace up the front, so that, however long the feet may be encased in them, they can be easily taken off, and do not press the foot unduly. High heels should not be dreamt of. In selecting such boots it is advisable to slip the hand well down into the foot, to see that there is freedom in the instep, that the boots swell a little at the calf, and are not too straight at the back. Some have a strap from the side across the instep which makes them easier to slip on. They are made of calf, morocco, or porpoise leather, often with patent leather welts.

A light riding whip is generally carried in the park, white or dark rhinoceros horn, but they are so short and slight as almost to be invisible. The hair is dressed mostly in a coil, a very small coil of, apparently, the actual hair of the wearer, though there are some eccentric exceptions, such as a long plait of hair allowed to hang at the back, or smaller plaits pinned up. The curls worn in front are rarely visible. Bright colored frontlets are worn by the horses, yellow being the favorite tone. Yellow blooms are the most lovely flowers to be had just now, and we show the preference for the shade in many ways, even where our steeds are concerned. Very narrow habits are, as a rule, becoming too few, but to an indifferent rider they are in every way disadvantageous, as is proved by the exhibitions of bad horsemanship frequently witnessed in the park or country. The public generally had far better have the skirts of moderate length and width.

Parasols are diversified this season, and there are few self-colored ones to be seen. Some are striped with two contrasting colors, such as almond and caroubier, violet and pale blue, chestnut brown and pink, olive green and straw. When they are plain, they are of such colors as navy blue, myrtle green, and dark claret, and are bordered with brocaded silk of Indian, Japanese, or Persian patterns, which is of a dead looking foulard which appears like a cotton material. For country use, cotton twill parasols will be fashionable, and Pompadour cambric covers are also made to match the dresses.

A few hints on the latest styles of writing paper will not be amiss. Plain thick white paper and envelopes are the most fashionable, but there are three colored papers in vogue—a bluish gray, light blue and biscuit color; the bluish gray is exceedingly cheap. The Christian name placed across the left-hand side of the paper is fashionably adopted, or the days of the week, Monday, Tuesday, &c. in gold, but in an apparently written hand, and another kind has the right-hand corner of the paper cut off, but apparently turned down and fastened with a pin. The address is generally printed on the right-hand side in square letterings, and it is quite a matter of taste whether young ladies use the address, it saves trouble. The best style is no doubt plain good paper, with the monogram or name and address simply stamped. It is a mere question of expense how elaborately these are illuminated, and some of the die cuttings are quite works of art. There is a great demand just now for grotesque and funny headings to note paper, a sort of rebus, in fact; also devices with horses, dogs, birds, donkeys, poultry. Everything relating Queen Anne finds favor; so the stationery named after her prospers, and this has one small initial in the old English lettering. Wicker work repp paper of the Princess shape is one of the fashionable mediums for displaying birds, animals, and mottoes. For five o'clock tea invitations the small sheets of paper, with devices of cups and saucers and "come early," seem to be much used by young married ladies; and in the country, lawn tennis bats and balls appear on paper where invitations to that favorite game are sent. Some of the large country houses in England have a sketch of the house in large size and in relief stamped on the paper, a plan to be highly recommended to those who can afford it.

Fireside Chat.

BEADS of colored glass and metal have been introduced lately as a substitute for tesserm in fancy mosaic work, and almost every design suitable for panels of cabinets, sideboards, and mantelpieces, of lids and side parts of boxes, as well as table tops, wall decorations, &c., can be executed in this kind of work by deft fingers artistically trained. The implements required for bead mosaic are a number of the finest needles inserted in handles, for lifting the beads and placing them in position; and a presser, consisting of a perfectly smooth head of ivory or hard word, likewise fastened in a handle, to fix the beads on the foundation. The latter may be of wood, metal, plaster, or marble, when wood is selected it should be well seasoned. Various cements for imbedding the beads can be used. For fastening on metal and for large work generally, mastic is dissolved in as much alcohol as will keep it liquid; to this is added a thick solution of isinglass in brandy and a small quantity of gum-sallanum. This mixture is well shaken in a wide-mouthed bottle and placed in hot water, to make the combination of the ingredients complete. Whenever this cement is to be used it has to be melted in a bath of hot water. Another and more simple cement is made by moistening isinglass in as much acetic acid as will dissolve it, or by melting white glue in vinegar, adding a little whiting. Both cements must be applied thick and warm. Glass beads of every description and size, and likewise steel, silver, and gold beads, all of the best quality that can be procured, are kept assorted in tiny china cups or saucers, which can be bought very cheaply at any Japanese shop. Any colored design of figures—floral, geometrical, and architectural ornament, &c. may be used as a pattern for bead mosaic. Heraldic and richly emblazoned devices are specially adapted for it, as bright and intense tints produce the most telling effects. After materials and utensils are duly prepared and placed handy, proceed with the work as follows: First place an appropriate frame or moulding around the panel, in order to support the mosaic, and paint the ground white, if a wooden plane forms the base. Then, with the design before you, trace its outline on the panel, and brush over the whole surface a coat of one of the two transparent cements. This done apply a second coat over a small part of the design, and carry out the outline by taking up the beads with the needle and placing them side by side. Make two lines on the edge of a small object, and three on a large applying more cement from time to time. Then commence filling up the interior of the figures by working across it in curved lines if you wish to make it appear in relief, and in a straight lines if a flat treatment is desirable, always bearing in mind the rules of shading. Thus figure after figure is filled in, and made flat with the presser. When a design is entirely finished, the finest linseed oil must be spread over the surface, and allowed to run into each minute crevice, then dust finely pulverised whiting over the whole, and with a stiff brush work the paste in the interstices, wiping off carefully the remainder. This will not only give great brilliancy to the glass, but, by forming a kind of putty, unite the whole into a solid mass. Allow it to dry for a week, when the panel will be found a solid mass. Allow it to dry for a week, when the panel will be found a solid, closely ornamented piece of glass mosaic, which will endure almost any amount of rough usage or ordinary wear and tear. Beads of every color, size and material can be easily procured from wholesale Birmingham and Manchester houses, and the only difficulty is to select those most suitable for the piece of work on hand. Artistic taste must be your guide in the selection, and no detailed instructions can be given besides the rule to use black or dark colors next to bright mouldings, yellow and light brown to set up a dark frame by way of contrast.

Silk Jewelry.—A new kind of ornament has lately made its appearance. It is jewelry made of silk-covered button-moulds, upon which some little floral design is painted. The amount of money expended is so small, and the effect obtained is so pretty, that their manufacture would prove a very satisfactory amusement for those deft-fingered ladies who are fond of "fancy work." As the necklace is the most simple, I will begin by describing that: The materials required are eleven button moulds—five about an inch and a quarter in diameter, two about an inch, two three-quarters of an inch, and two half an inch—it it is not necessary to have them of exactly these dimensions, but the grading must be in about that relative proportion—an oval, made of wood, cork or pasteboard, some scraps of silk—the exact amount used is an eighth of a yard—and a yard and a half of narrow ribbon, not over half an inch wide, if procurable. Cover the moulds neatly, and, in order to avoid a bunch in the back, be careful not to use too large pieces of silk. When covered, sew them on the ribbon, the five larger ones in the middle, the others grading off on each side. Cover the oval very smoothly, and finish the back by covering a smaller oval of stiff paper with silk, and sewing it on the back; but first insert the little bit of ribbon by which the oval is attached to the necklace; fasten the oval to the necklace by sewing the other end of the ribbon under the centre button. The earrings and medallions are somewhat more difficult of construction. The materials are three button moulds, one an inch and a half in diameter, and two half an inch, a quarter of a yard of gold wire, and some bits of silk—about the sixteenth of a yard is ample. Take three inches of the wire and bend it into a hook, with a loop at one end, the extremity of the wire projecting, the loop being at right angles with the hook. Press the sharp point of the wire into the back of the mould—it is necessary, sometimes, to bore a little hole first—then cover with silk, taking care to sew the wire loop to the silk, then finish the back in the same way as the oval for the necklace. The pendant is made in the same way, excepting that the wire must be twisted into a ring instead of a hook. The decorative part requires rather more skill, but ladies who have any taste for art will find little difficulty in copying some pretty design of birds or flowers from the gilt cards so much in vogue, and which are really gems in their way. Paint with ordinary water colors, using a little gum in the water. Lighten the colors with Chinese white. The best silk on which to paint is a closely woven silk without any cord. Satin is not good for the purpose, as it never looks perfectly smooth, and presents a poor surface for painting. The cost of materials for the entire set of necklace, earrings, and pendant, is a mere trifle. The items are: Silk, button moulds, ribbon, and gold wire.

Chair Covers.—It looks very well to embroider the holland covers for furniture in some simple, pretty pattern, and is most pleasant, easy work. I have known two sets of holland covers kept, both worked by the young ladies of the house. One pattern is roses and leaves in various colors, the other sprays of blue bells and leaves, forming borders. The designs were traced by the workers after the covers were cut out, but before they were made up, and then worked. Those that require tying on had a ribbon of the same blue as the work; but the rose patterns had black ribbon about two inches wide, which had a good effect. Another way of decorating blinds and curtains is to sew on narrow bands of the material at equal distances, and pass a piece of broad colored satin ribbon along. This style of trimming is very pretty for little tablecloths, and also for mantelpiece valliances. I have seen this in black serge, with a red ribbon passed behind the loops, and on each loop white jessamine and leaves embroidered in crewels. This may be an idea for decorating, and also using up odd pieces of material, to any lady fond of work.

Lawn Tennis Balls.—Some circular receptacles for lawn tennis balls can be made in the following way: A stout piece of cardboard bent, and fastened up, measuring about eight inches deep and 25 inches in circumference, lined with colored silk, with the bottom of cardboard. A band of work, with a cord edging it, and straps of silk to lift it by, fastened securely to the sides. The work can be crewel or wool work, or of holland and red braid. The bottom can be of the same material if there is any difficulty in fixing on the cardboard, and the size may vary according to fancy. If nicely made, this forms a pretty ornamental article on the tennis lawn. Neat little ball holders to give to the players can be made of crash or sheeting, and embroidered in crewels. They are attached to a band which passes round the waist and fastens loosely at the side. They save the player the constant picking up of balls, as the balls can be collected before commencing each "service," and kept in this pocket. It should measure about ten inches long and eight inches deep.

The engagement of Miss Bessie Evarts, the third daughter of the Secretary of State, to Mr. Edward Perkins, of Newport and Boston, is announced. Mr. Perkins is a son of Mr. Charles C. Perkins, well known as one of the most thorough and accomplished amateurs and students of art in this country. He is a member of the senior class at Harvard University.

The success of elevated railways in New York has led to serious consideration of the construction of similiar means of communication along the line of the Liverpool docks.

Answers to Inquirers.

AMIA, (McDonald, Mo.)—Your best plan will be to consult a medical man.

C. C. H. (Beaver Pond, S. C.)—We believe the company is entirely reliable.

A. O. G. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We will make inquiries through the person you name.

EMILY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The name Emily, corrupted from Amelia, is of French origin, and means "beloved."

DOLLIE, (Greene, O.)—The gentleman should write the first letter; and you should not write to him at all, unless your parents know and approve of the correspondence.

J. A. C. (Washington Corners, Cal.)—The story was declined—not from absence of merit—but on account of its length, and was returned as requested to your former address.

JULIET, (Owen, Ky.)—It would be very indiscreet and improper for you to tell the gentleman that you love him, when he evidently experiences towards yourself no feeling stronger than friendship.

CARTER, (Addisonville, Tex.)—Midsummer is the 21st of June the longest day of the year. Midsummer's Day, the festival of St. John the Baptist, is the 24th of June. 2. Your handwriting is good for a girl of twelve years, although there is one great fault of spelling, "plees" for "please."

HISTORICUS, (Little Rock, Ark.)—Sir William Davenant, was poet laureate of England from 1637 to 1668. He was a prolific dramatic writer, author of many fierce partisan pamphlets, and connected with the revival of the theatre after the eclipse it had suffered under the severe Puritan rule.

J. M. W. (Coffee, Ind.)—The language of flowers is altogether too lengthy to publish, but we would be pleased to give you the meanings of such flowers as you may be interested in. Botanical works for popular use generally contain a list, and you might make inquiries about them at any bookstore.

JACQUES, (Oneida, N. Y.)—Why have you changed so completely in the short space of six months? If you wanted her then, why not now? Does the jewel lose its value in your eyes because it is thrown at you after once having been refused? But she can't justly complain. Either go to her as a lover or not at all.

W. C. M. L. (Lancaster, Pa.)—We cannot recommend any substitute for the use of laudanum; neither would we if we could. It would be wicked to suggest the use of one poison instead of another. The total disuse thereof is what we recommend. Leave it off by degrees; that is to say, by diminishing the dose daily.

T. B. (Lincoln, N. C.)—If any of your fashionable companions sneer at the old-fashioned ways of your antiquated sister, instead of being vexed at her, and debating how you can manage to lay her on the shelf socially, you should send them to the right about, or at least give them to understand that no exhibition of disrespect towards your sister will be tolerated by you.

WESLEY JOHNSON, (East Saginaw, Mich.)—You ought to call on the young lady so far as you know, she has done nothing to warrant you in supposing that during your long absence she has ceased to regard you with the affection she once exhibited towards and expressed for you. She may have answered your letters, and her replies may have miscarried or been intercepted.

MILITARY, (Terre Haute, Ind.)—The Boston riot, in which the regulars fired upon the crowd, occurred in 1770. Captain Preston, of the Guards, and four or five of his men, were tried for murder. The captain was acquitted, but two or three of the men were convicted and burned in the hand. It was difficult in that case to tell who gave the order to "fire."

YUMA, (Crawford, Pa.)—The most beautiful flowers are those which are double, such as double pinks, double roses, and double dahlias. What an argument against the chilling deformity of single blessedness! "Go and get married" is written upon everything that is beautiful that our eyes rest upon, beginning with birds of paradise and leaving off with apple blossoms.

OCTO, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—He will get his tongue by and by, and be surprised how naturally it comes to make love. But, of course, half the fun of being engaged is gone if a lover is too bashful to speak up. A pair belonging to different denominations may marry without getting into trouble if they are sensible. But arrange the whole church business before the knot is tied, and dismiss the subject thereafter.

C. Mc. (Johnson, Indian Ter.)—It would be impossible to tell from the description you give what is the matter with your horse, or what would cure him. There are many cheap and good books published on the horse that would no doubt enable you to ascertain his real ailment, and apply the remedy. Should you not be able to procure one where you are, send an addressed postal to us and we will forward you the necessary information as to where they may be had.

R. S. V. P. (Boston, Mass.)—In debates the use of the word "Resolved" is quite correct. "Be it," according to the form in all resolutions, is always understood. The affirmative in the debate proposes that it be "resolved" that such and such is the case, and the negatives debates the matter. The decision of the judges settles the question, and from "be it," the language changes to "is" or "is not" as the case may be. It has both usage and good grammar to recommend it.

MAGGIE F. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We fear that your qualifications cannot be sufficient (judging from your letter) to procure for you the situation of French teacher. You would have to answer advertisements, or else advertise yourself in the principal morning papers for such a situation. As for salary, that depends entirely on the qualifications of the teacher and the standing of the establishment itself; but it would be low for anyone who had never filled such a situation before.

N. R. G. (Galveston, Tex.)—The term bric-a-brac is a French compound phrase, a corruption of an older compound, bric et-broc, derived from bric, which is a sort of weapon used in hunting and from broc, a corruption of the low Latin word broca, a kitchen spit. The original compound meant what might be called a "pick-up" meal, served quickly. The compound now in use means "odds and ends," old books, curiosities, watches, pictures, weapons, plasters, ornaments, furniture, statuettes, etc.

T. D. T. (Sibley, Miss.)—The instruments used for taking photographable pictures is a wooden box, furnished in front with a brass tube, in which a lens is made to slide. The image is received on a piece of ground glass fitted in a frame, which slides in a groove at the back, and the focus is adjusted by a rackwork in the brass tube of the lens. The frame and glass may be withdrawn and another frame introduced consisting of a wooden back, made to hold a silver plate, and a sliding front, which can be raised when the plate is to be submitted to the action of the rays of light passing through the lens.

TWO GAZES, (Gravelly, Ala.)—You call at the friend's house. If you enter and see the person visited, you do not leave cards. The leaving of cards is a substitute for a personal visit. 2. You ascertain the friend's day for either receiving or returning calls and conduct yourself accordingly. There is no particular day for either ladies or gentlemen. 3. Although some might have scruples about it, we think only sentimentalists would condemn the marriage of a man to his dead wife's niece. 4. Lemon and glycerine are considered very good for the complexion. 5. It is incumbent upon a lady or gentleman to rise when introduced to another, unless physical disability prevents.

RHEMOS, (New York, N. Y.)—The facade or portico of St. Peter's, in Rome, is 370 feet long and 148 feet high. The vestibule is 63 feet long, 60 feet high and 45 feet wide, being longer than most churches. On the central pavement of the nave are marked the respective lengths of St. Peter's, and of some others of the principal churches of Christendom. St. Peter's is there stated to be 613½ feet in length. The height of the nave nearest the door is 152½ feet; the width of this portion is 87½ feet. The width of the aisles is 53½ feet. The width of the nave and side aisles is 166½ feet. The extreme length of the transepts from end to end is 446½ feet. The height of the baldacchino, or high altar, to the top of the cross upon it, is 95½ feet. The circumference of the four great pilasters that support the dome is 232 feet. The diameter of the cupola, including the outer walls, 139½ feet; the diameter of the interior of the cupola is 120 feet, or 3 feet less than the Pantheon. The height of the dome from the pavement to the eave of the lantern is 405 feet, and from the pavement to the top of the cross outside is 448 feet.